

ENGLANDS
HEROI CALL
EPISTLES.

Newly enlarget,

By Michell Drayton.

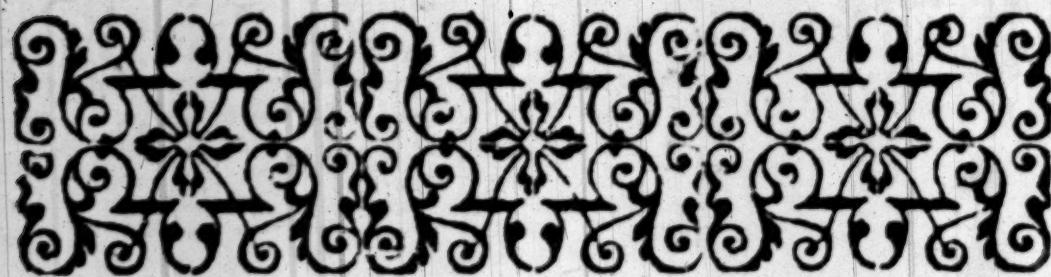


AT LONDON,
Printed by P.S. for N. Ling, and are to be
sold at his shop at the West doore of
Poules. 1598.



220 Faults escaped.

| Folio. | page, | line, | faulfe, | correction. |
|--------|-------|-------|-------------|-------------|
| 26 | 1 | 21 | sets | set |
| 29 | 2 | 25 | To | The |
| 51 | 1 | 16 | nor | yet |
| 51 | 1 | 16 | thee | no |
| 51 | 1 | 20 | scander | flander |
| 51 | 2 | 26 | fur | If |
| 51 | 2 | 26 | Is | read |
| 52 | 2 | 25 | steed | seed |
| 53 | 2 | 26 | be son | be the son |
| 58 | 1 | 11 | Earle | Duke |
| 88 | 1 | 12 | ceale | seaze |
| 90 | 1 | 16 | that's time | time that's |
| 90 | 2 | 9 | Arnus | Arnus |





To the Reader.

Seeing these Epistles are now at length made publique, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable to the worlde of my private meaning chiefly for mine own discharge least being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universall reprehension, for

Hænugæteria ducent

In mala dæsum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to be explained. First, why I entitle this worke Englands heroicall Epistles; then why I obserue not the persons dignity in the dedication, lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carrieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein were English, or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) be properly understood of dem'-gods, as of Hercules and Aeneas, whose parents were said to be the one celestial the other mortal, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnes of mind come neare to Gods. For to be borne of a celestial incubus, is nothing els but to haue a great and migh: y spirit, far above the earthly weakenesse of men, in which sence Ouid (wh: se imitator I partly professe to be) doth also use heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom i haue dedicated any two Epistles but haue their states ouer-matched by the who are made to speak in the Epistles, howeuer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of

A 2 their

To the Reader.

their degrees in my deuotiō, & the cause before recited, I hope
they suffer no disparagement, seeing every one is the first in
theyr particular interest, having in some sort sorted the com-
plexion of the Epistles, to the character of their judgments to
whom I dedicate them excepting only the blamefulnes of the
persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blameful.
Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt every one of the
where or howsoeuer they be marshaled, how can I be iustly ap-
peached of vnaduisement. For the third, because the worke
might in trut h be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous hu-
mor were handled therein. I haue inter-woven matters histo-
ricall, which unexplained might defraud the minde of much
content as for example, in Queene Margarites Epistle to Wil-
liam de la Pole,

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the ayre,

Margarite in French signifies a Daizie, which for the allu-
sion to her name this Queene did giue for her deuise: and this
as others more haue seemed to me not unworthy the explaning
Now, t' ough no doubts I had need to excuse other things be-
side yet these most especially: the rest I ouer passe to eschue te-
dious recitall, or to speake as malicious envy may, for that in
trut h I ouersee them. If it cy be as harmlesly taken as I meant
the it shal suffice to haue only touched the cause of the title of
the dedications, and of the notes, whereby emboldned to pub-
lish the residue, these not being accounted in mens opinions re-
lishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraid to be legue and acknowledge
thee a gentle Reader.

M. D.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

How can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his Inke away,
Detests the world and company of men,
Because they grow more hatefull day by day.

Yet with these broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a iustly-grieued thought can say:
I giue the world to know I neere could find,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe verse, an obiect for the proudest eye;
Disdaine those which disdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they should discry,
The secret passions of a witty louer.
For they are such as none but thosc shall know,
Whom beauty schooles to hold the blind Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd, (o who can all vowes keepe?)
Hence-forth to smother my vnlucky Muse;
Yet for thy sake she started out of sleepe,
Yet now she dies. Then do as kinsfolks vse;
Close vp the eyes of my now-dying-stile,
As I haue op'ned thy sweet babes ere-while.

E. Sc. Gent.
Duris decus omen.

To M. Michell Drayton.

Long haue I wish'd and hop'd my weaker muse,
(in nothing strong but my vnhappy loue)
would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
and view the world as,named, Poets vse;

But still her fruitelesse bosome doth refuse
to blesse me with indifferency of prayse,
not daring (like to many) to abuise,
that vicle which true worth should only rayse:

Thus bankerout and dispairing of mine owne,
I set my wish and hope (kind friend) on thee,
whose fruite approu'd, and better fortune knowne,
tels me thy muse, my loues sole heyre must be;
so barren wombes embrace their neighbors yong,
so dombe men speake by them that haue a tongue.

Thomas Hassall Gent.



The Epistle of Rosamond to King Henrie the second.

* The Argument.

Henry the second of that name, King of England, the sonne of
Geffrey Plantaginet, Earle of Aniou, & Maude the Em-
presse, hauing by long suite and princely gifts, wonne (to his
unlawful desire) faire Rosamond, the daughter of the Lord
Walter Clyfford, and to auoyde the danger of Ellinor his
jealouse Queene, had caused a Labyrinth to be made within
his pallace at Woodstocke; in the center whereof, he had
lodged his beaurious paramore. Whilst the King is absent in
his wars at Normandy, this poore distressed Lady, inclosed
in this solitary place, tuckt with remorse of cōscience, writes
unto the King of her distresse and miserable estate, urging
him by all meanes and perswasions, to cleere himselfe of this
infusie, and her of the grieve of minde, by taking away her
wretched life.

If yet thine eyes (great *Henry*) may endure
These tainted lynes, drawne with a hand impure,
Which faine would blushe, but feare keeps blushes back,
And therefore suted in dispairing blacke,
This in loues name, ô that these lips might craue,
But that sweet name (vile I) prophaned haue;

B.

Punish

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Punish my fault, or pity mine estate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate.
If with my shame thine eyes thou faine would' st see de,
Here let them surfeit, on my shame to reede;
This scribbled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble mee :
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleare and spotlesse was mine innocence :
Now like these marks which taint this hateful scroule,
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soule.
O *Henry* why, by losse thus shouldest thou win?
To get by conquest? to enrich with sin?
Why on my name this slander doost thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
Fame never stoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatness, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themselues do lessen far,
But in the aire, each small sparke seemes a starre.
Why on a womans frailetie wouldest thou lay
This subtile plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleasure shouldest thou buy
With vile expence of kinglie maiestie?
T'was not my minde consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will,
For what my body was enforst to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my soule did not consent vnto;
For through nine eyes, had she her liking seene,
Such as my loue, such had my louer beene.
True loue is simple, like his mother Truth,

EPISTLES.

2

Kindlie affection, youth to loue with youth ;
No sharper corsie to our blooming yeares,
Then the cold badge of winter-blaitez haires.
Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
But canst not keepe backe age, with time it growes;
Though honor our ambitious sexe doth please,
Yet in that honour, age a foule disease.
Nature hath her free course in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
Which al the world wil to my shame impute
That I my selfe did basely prostitute;
And say that gold was fuel to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling green desire.
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That subtile serpent, that seducing deuil,
Which bad me cast the fruit of good and euil :
That *Circe*, by whose magick I was charni'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd;
That viperous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That wicked spirit, vnto the weaker minde :
Our frailties plague, our natures only curse,
Hels deep'st damnation, the worst euils worse.
But *Henrie*, how canst thou affect me thus
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My haplesse name with *Henries* name I found
Cut in the glasse with *Henries* Diamond :
That glasse from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the ayre would me betray;
Then do I striue to wash it out with teares,
But then the same more euident appears.

B 2.

Then

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Then do I couer it with my guilty hand,
Which that names witnes doth against me stand :
Once did I sinne, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I euer perish.
What griefe can be, but time doth make it lesse?
But intamy time neuer can suppresse.
Somtimes to passe the tedious irke some howers,
Iclimbe the top of Woodstocks mounting towers,
Where in a Turret secretly I lye
To view from far such as do traualle by,
Whether (me thinkes) all cast their eyes at mee,
As through the stones my shame did make them see,
And with such hate the harmeles wals do view,
As vnto death their eies would me pursue.
The maried wemen curse my hateful life,
Which wrong a lawful bed, a Queene, a wife;
The maidens wish, I buried quicke may die,
The lothsoine staine to their virginitie.
Wel knew'st thou what a monster I w ould be,
When thou didst build this Labyrinth for me,
Whose strange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Onely a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet stil walke I, circuler in sinne.
As in the Tarrashere this other day
My maid and I did passe the time away,
Mongst many pictures which we passed by,
The silly girle at length hapt to espie
Chast *Lucrece* picture, and desires to know
What she shold be her selfe that murdred so?
Why girle (quoth I) this is that Romane dame:

Not

EPISTLES.

3

Notable then to tel the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltinesse betray;
With that I send the pratling girle away,
Least when my lisping guilty tongue should hav't,
My lxxkes should be the Index to my fault.
As that I se bloud which from the hart is sent,
In beauties field pitching his crimson Tent,
In louely sanguine sutes the Lilly cheeke,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seeke;
And changing often-times with sweet delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The louely blush, the palenes doth distaine,
The palenes makes the blush more faire againe:
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diuersly do varry.
When as the sun hales towards the Westerne blade,
And the trees shadowes three times greater made,
Forth go I to a little Current neere,
Which like a wanton traile creepes here and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my baite,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With feareful nibling flic th'enticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonlesse thus warnd by nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the baite was laid for me;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling spring which trips vpon the stones
Chides me away, least sitting but too neare,
I should pollute that native puritie.
Rose of the World, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same;

B 3.

And

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

And to th'vnchast this name shal giuen be,
Of *Rosamond*, deriu'd from sinne and me.
The *Clyffordes* take from me that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yceres.
They blot my birth with hatefull bastardie,
That I sprang not from their nobility;
They my alliance vitterly refuse,
Nor wil a strumpet shal their name abuse.
Here in the garden wrought by curioshands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine stands,
With al her nimphs got round about to hide her,
As when *Aeteon* had by chance espide her:
This sacred image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphold man pursyd
By his own hounds so by my thoughts am I,
Which chase me stil, which way so ere I flie.
Touching the grasse, the honny-dropping dew,
Which fals in teares before my limber shue,
Upon my foot consumes in weeping stil,
As it would say, why wenth thou vnto il?
Thus to no place in safety can I go
But euery thing doth give me cause of woe.
In that faire Casket of such wondrous cost
Thou senth the night before my honor lost,
Anemone was wrought a harmeles maide,
By *Neptune* that adulterous God betraid;
She prostrate at his feet begging with prayers,
Wringing her hands, her eies swolne vp with teares:
This was not the entrapping baite of men,
But by thy vertue gentle warning then;
To shew to me for what intent it came,

Least

4
EPISTLES.

Least I therein should euer keep my shame.
And in this Casket (ill I see it now)
Was *Ioues*-loue I-o turnd into a Cowe.
Yet was she kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakeful stil be *Iunos* iealousies;
By this I wel might haue fore-warned beene,
I haue cleerd my selfe to thy suspecting Queene,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me
Then had poore *Argus* single eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatst *Ioue*,
Into a beast thou hast transformd thy loue.
Nay worser farre; (degenerate from kind)
A monster, both in body and in mind.
The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
With his dul vapory dimnesse mocks my sight;
As though the dampe which hinders his cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my shame,
When it did burne as darkenesse vgly eie
When shot the star of my virginitie.
And if a star but by the glasse appeare,
I straight intreat it, not to looke in heere;
I am already hateful to the light,
It is enough, betray me not to night.
Then sith my shame so much belongeth to thee,
Rid me of that by onyl murdring mee;
And let it iustly to my charge be laid
Thy royal person I would haue betrayd;
Thou shalt not neede by circumstancet accuse me,
If I deny it, let the heauens refuse me.
My life's a blemish which doth cloude thy name,
Take it away, and cleere shal shine thy fame:

Yeeld

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Yeeld to my sute, if euer pitty m'ou'd thee,
In this shew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Well knewest thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst bui'd this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean Labyrinth a monster was inclosed, called a *Mino-taur*, the history whereof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dædalus*, wth so many intricate waies, y^e being entered, one could either hardly or neuer return, being in maner of a maze laue that it was larger, the waies being wald in on euery side, out of the which *Theseus* by *Ariadnes* help (lending him a clue of thred) escaped. Some report that it was a house, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therein so deceiptfully enwrapped, and made to open so many sundry waies, that it was held a matter almost impossible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegory of mans life, true it is, that the comparison will holde, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquitie that there was indeede such a building, though *Dædalus* beeing a name applied to the workmans excellencie, make it suspected; for *Dædalus* is nothing else but ingenious, or artificiall. Hereupon it is vsed among the ancient Poets for any thing curioufly wrought.

Rosamonds Labyrinth, whose riuins together with her well being paued with square stone in the bottome, and also her tower from which the Labyrinth did run, (are yet remaining,) was altogether vnder ground, being vaults arched and walled with brick & stone, almost inextricably wound one within another, by which if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queene, she might easilie auoide perill imminent, and if neede be, by secret issues take the ayre abroad, many furlongs round about Woodstocke in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for *Rosamonds* Labyrinth.

Whose strange Meanders turned every way.

Mæander is a riuier in *Lycia*, a prouince of *Natolia* or *Asia minor*, famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certayne hills in *Maconia*, hereupon are intricate turnings by a transsumptiue

EPISTLES.

5

sumptuous and metonymicall kinde of speech, called *Meanders*, for this riuere did so strangely path it selfe, that the foote seemed to touch the head.

*Rose of the world, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same.*

It might bee reported, how at Godstow where this Rose of the world was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the visitation of his diocese, cauled the monument which had bin erected to her honour, vtterly to be demolished, but be that seuerre chastisement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also ouerpased, least she should seeme to be the *Shame of the world*.

Henry to Rosamond.

W Hen firs't the Post arrived in my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Think frō his lips, but what sweet cōfort came,
Whē in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
With new inquiries then I cut him short
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest hastle my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To lōse no time whilst I vnript the scale.
The more I read, still do I erre the more,
As though mistaking somwhat said before.
Missing the point, the doubtful sence is broken,
Speaking againe, what I before had spoken;
Still in a swound, my hart revives and faints,
Twixt hopes, dispaires, twixt smiles, and deepe complaints.

As

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

As these sad accents sort in my desires, (fires,
Smooth calmes, rough stormes, sharpe frostes, and raging
Put on with boldnesse, and put backe with feare,
My tongue with curses, when mine eies with teares.
O how my hart at that blacke line did tremble,
That blotted paper should thy selfe resemble;
O were there paper but neere halfe so white,
The gods thereon their sacred lawes would write
With pens of Angels wings, and for their inke,
That heauenly neistar their immortal drinke.
Majesticke courage striues to haue supprest
This fearefull passion sturd vp in my brest,
But stil in vaine the same I go about,
My hart must breake within, or woes breake out.
Am I at home pursu'd with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?
Is meager Enuy stabbing at my throne,
Treason attending when I wake alone?
And am I branded with the curse of Rome,
And stand condemn'd by dreadful counsels dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandy with armies ouer-runne?
Fatal my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkind my children, most vnkind my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, suspition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, so many plagues to find,
Sicknes of body, discontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps rest, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Banisht, distress'd, forsaken and afflicted:
Of al releefe hath fortune quite bereft me?

Onely

EPISTLES.

Onely my loue vnto my comfort left me.
And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mittigate the sorrowes of a king?
Barr'd of that choise the vulgar often proue,
Haue we (then they) lesse priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King, the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King, dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King, regards the Clyants cry?
Giues life to him by iustice domb'd to die?
Is it his care, the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the nurse her babie whilst it sleepes?
And that poore king, of al these hopes preuented,
Vnhard, vnhelpe'd, vnpitied, vnlamented.
Yet let me be with pouerty opprest,
Of earthly bieffings robd, and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and reuiled,
From kingdom, country, and from Court exild;
Let the worlds curse vpon me stil remaine,
And let the last bring on the first againe;
Al miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leau for my comfort, only *Rosamond*,
For thee swift time her speedy course doth stay,
At thy commaund the Destinies obey;
Pitty is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feet, euer mercy prostrate lies;
If I were feeble, rheumatick or cold,
These were true signes that I were waxed old,
But I can march al day in massy steele,
Nor yet my armes vndeedy weight do feele,
Nor wak'd by night, with bruise or bloudy wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground;

For

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One smile of thine againe could make me yong.
Were there in Arte a power but so diuine
As is in that sweet Angel-tongue of thine,
That great enchantresse which once tooke such paines,
To force yong bloud in *Aeson* wither'd vaines,
And from groves, mountaines, medowes, marshe and fen,
Brought al the simples were ordaind for men, (weedes,
And of those plants, those hearbs, those flowers, those
Vied the rootes, the leaues, the iuice, the seeds,
And in this powerful potion that she makes,
Puts bloud of men, of beasts, of birds, of snakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone so far,
To seeke the soiles where al those simples are,
One accent from thy lips, the bloud more warmes,
Then al her philtres, exorcismes, and charmes.
Thy presence hath repaired in one daie,
What many yceres and sorrowes did decaie,
And made fresh beauties fairest branches spring
From wrinckled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungry winter-starued earth
When she by nature labours towards her birth;
Stil as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One blossom forth after another peepes,
Til the small flower whose root is now vnbound,
Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerful noone,
Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles vpon the sunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that brest,
Where but one thought of *Rosamond* did rest;
Nor thirst, nor trauaile, which on war attend,

Ere.

E P I S T L E S.

7

Ere brought the long day to desired end;
Nor yet did pale feare, or leane Famine liue,
Where hope of thee, did any comfort giue.
Ah what iniustice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltlesse doost condigne for me?
When only she (by meane's of my offence)
Redeemes thy purenes, and thy innocence,
When to our wils perforce obey they must,
That iust in them, what ere in vs vniust;
Of what we do, not them account we make,
This serues for al; they do it for our sake,
And what to worke a Printes wil may merit,
Hath deep'st impression in a gentle sp̄it:
Our powerful wils drawne by attractiue beauty,
They to our wils arm'd by subiectiue duty.
And true affection doth no bound reteane,
For this is sure, firme loue had never meane;
And whilst the cause by reason is disputed,
Reason it selfe, by loue is most confuted.
If it be my name that doth thee so offend,
No more my selfe shal be mine own names friend;
And if't be that which thou dost only hate,
That name, in my name, lastly hath his date.
Say tis accurst, and fatal, and dispraise it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of al names tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not so.
And when al this is done, I know twil grieue thee,
And therefore (sweet) why should I now beleue thee?
Nor shouldst thou thinke those eyes with enuy lower,
Which passing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower,

But

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

But rather praise thine own which be so cleere,
Which from the Turret like two stars appeare;
And in their moonings, like a Christal glasse,
Make such reflektion vnto al that passe,
Aboue the sunne doth shine, beneath thine eyes,
As thought two sunnes at once, shin'd in two skies.
The little stremme which by thy tower doth glide,
Where oft thou spend'st the weary euening tide,
To view thee wel his course would gladly stay,
As loth from thee to part so soone away;
And with salutes thy selfe would gladly greeete,
And offer vp those smal drops at thy feete;
But finding that the eniuious bankes restraine it,
T'excuse it selfe doth in this sort complaine it,
And therefore this sad bubling murmur keepes,
And in this sort within the channel weepes.
And as thou doost into the water looke,
The fish which see thy shadow in the brooke,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luster of thine eye.
And that sweet name which thou so much doost wrong,
In time shal be some famous Poets song;
And with the very sweetnes of that name,
Lyons and Tygers, men shal learne to tame.
The careful mother from her pensiue brest
With *Rosamond* shal bring her babe to rest;
The little birds, (by mens continual sound)
Shal learne to speake, and prattle *Rosamond*;
And when in Aprill they begin to sing,
With *Rosamond* shal welcome in the spring;
And she in whom al rarities are found,

Shall

E P I S T L E S.

Shal stil be said to be a *Rosamond*.

The little flowers which dropping honied dew,
Which(as thou writ'st)do weepe vpon thy shue,
Not for thy fault(sweet *Rosamond*) do mone,
But weep for griefe that thou so soone art gone,
For if thy foot touch Hemlocke as it goes,

That Heinlock's made more sweeter then the Rose,
Of *lone* or *Neptune* how they did betray,

Nor speake of *I-o*, or *Amimone*,

When she for whom *lone* once became a Bul,
Compar'd with thee had beene a tawny trul;

He a white Bul, and she a whiter Cow,

Yer he,nor she,nere halfe so white as thou.

Long since (thou knowst)my care prouided for
Tolodge thee safe from iealous *Ellenor*;

The Labyrinths conueyance guides thee so,
(Which only *Vahan*,thou and I do know)

If she do guard thee with a hundred eies,

I haue an hundred subtle *Mercuries*

To watch that *Argus* which my loue doth keepe,

Vntil eie,after eie, fal al to sleepe.

Those stars looke in by night,looke in to see,

Wondring what star here on the earth should be.

As oft the moone amidst the silent night,

Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,

And by the curtaine help'd mine eie to see

What enuious night and darknes hid from me;

When I haue wish'd that she might euer stay,

And other worlds might stil enjoy the day.

What should I say? words,teares, and sighes be spent,

And want of time doth further helps preuent:

My

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

My campe resounds with seareful shucks of war,
Yet in my breast the worser conflicts aie;
Yet is my signall to the battailes sound,
The blessed name of beautious Rosamond.
Accursed be that hart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, should speake, or whisper of thy death.
For in one smile, or lower from thy sweet eye,
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodstocke, where my Rosamond doth rest,
Blessed in her, in whom thy King is blest;
For though in France a whil[er] my body bee,
(Sweet Paradice) my hart remaines in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle History.

Am I at home pursued with priuate hate,
And war comes raging to my pallace gate?

Robert Earle of Leicester, who tooke part with young king Henry, entred into England with an Army of 3. thousand Flemings, and spoiled the Countries of Norfolke and Suffolke, being succoured by many of the Kings priuate enemies.

And am I branded with the curse of Roome?

King Henry the second, the first Plantaginet, accused for the death of Thomas Beckes, Archbishop of Canturbury, slaine in the Cathedrall Church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he vrgd sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any penance, so he might escape the curse and interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandy with armes ouer-runne.

Henry the young King, whome King Henry had caused to bee crowned in his life, (as he hoped) both for his own good and the good of his subiectes, which indeede turned to his owne sorrowe, and the trouble of the whole Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raysing a power, by the meane of Lewes King of Fraunce, and

William

EPISTLES.

William King of Scots who tooke part with him, invaded Normandy.

Vnkind my children, most unkind my wife.

Neuer King more unfortunate then King Henry in the disobedience of his children; first *Henry*, then *Geffrey*, then *Richard*, then *John*, al at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him; then the icalousie of *Ellinor* his Queene, who suspected his loue to *Rosamond*: which greeuous troubles the devout of those times, attributed to happen vnto him iustly, for refusing to take vpon him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offered vnto him by the Patriarke there, which Countrey was mightily afflicted by the Souldane.

Which only Vahan shou and I do know.

This *Vahan* was a Knight whome the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at Woodstocke, and much of the Kinges iewels and treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that bee durst commit his loue into his charge.

FINIS.

King John to Matilda.

¶ The Argument.

After that King John had assaied by al meanes possible, to win the faire and chast Matilda, so his unchast and unlawfull bed, and by uniusc courses and false accusation had banished the Lord Robert Fitzwater her noble father, & many of his allies, who iustly withstoode the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonor of his faire and vertuous daughter: this chast Lady stil solicited by this lascivious King, flies vnto Dunmow in Essex, where in a Nur-

C.

erry

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

very shee becomes a Nun, whether the King (still persisting in his suit) solicits her by this Epistle; her reply confirmes her vowed and invincible chastity making knowne to the King her pure unspotted thoughts.

VVhen these my letters come vnto thy view,
Think them not forc'd, or fauld, or strange, or new;
Thou knowst no way, no meanes, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnprou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regards, al secrets, helpes of Arte,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the old worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good daies for loue, times, hours, and minutes noted:
And where Arte left, loue teacheth more to find,
By signes in presence to expresse the mind.
Oft hath mine eye, told thine eye, beauty grieu'd it,
And begd but for one looke to haue reliu'd it:
And stil with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for mercy; telling how it lou'd.
If blusht, I blusht, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whitenes answered thine;
If sigh'd, I sigh'd, alike both passion proue,
But thy sigh is for griefe, my sigh for loue;
If a word past, that insufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine eye let forth a teare,
And if that teare did dull or sencelesse proue,
My hart would fetch a sigh to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauor from the rest
I singled forth that likes my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:

Then

Then one that doth derive all wonder thence,
Then one whose rarenes passeth excellencie.
Whilst I behold thy Globe-like rouling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinkes) stands siniling by,
And tels me, those but shadowes and supposes,
And bids me therer come and gather Roses;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will see.
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chin
Againe doth tel me I but new begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Least wondring least, the great' st I ouerlip.
My gazing eye, on this and this doth ceaze,
Which sursets, yet cannot desire appease.
Then like I browne, (ô louely browne thy haire)
Only in brownenes, beauty dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-bal blacke as Ier,
Then cleere, that bal is there in Christal set,
Then white, but snow, nor swan, nor Iuory please,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all these:
In brown, in blacke, in purenes and in white,
All loue, all sweets, all rarenes, all delight;
Thus thou vile theefe, my stolne harthence doſt carry,
And now thou fliest into sanctuary:
Fie peccyish girle, ingrateful vnto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature
That thou her glory ſhould increase thereby,
And thou alone dooſt ſcorne ſociety?
Why heauen made beauty like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp in a ſmoky Mew,
A roſy-tainted feature is heauens gold

C 2.

Which

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Which al men ioy to touch, al to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun
That so rare beauty should not liue a Nun.
But if this vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloister for thy sake,
Stil may his paines for euer be augmented,
This superstition that at first invented :
Ill might he thriue, that brought this custome hether,
That holy people might not liue together,
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women, liu'd with holy men;
But Kings in this, yet priuiledg'd may bee,
Ile be a Monke, so I may liue with thee.
Who would not rise to ring the mornings knell,
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell?
Or what is he not willingly would fast,
That on those lips, might feast his lips at last?
Who vnto Mattens, early would not rise,
That might read by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleasure who would euer looke,
That had thy curles his beades, thy browes his booke?
Wert thou the crosse, to thee who would not creepe?
And wish the crosse, stil in his armes to keepe.
Sweet girtle, ile take thi, holy habite on me,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me;
Holy *Matilda* thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy seruant, and my bed thy shrine,
When I do offer, be thy brest the Altar,
And when I pray thy mouth shal be my Psalter.
The beads that we wil bid shal be sweet kisstes,
Which we wil number, if one pleasure misses,

And

And when an *Anie* comes to say Amen,
We wil begin, and tel them or'e againe.
Now all good fortune, giue me happy thrift,
As I should ioy t'absolue thee after shrift.
But see how much I do my selfe beguile,
And do mistake thy meaning all this while,
Thou took'it this vow to equal my desire
Because thou wouldst haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two should comfort one another,
A holy sister, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votressle vnto me alone,
She is most chast, that's but enjoy'd of one.
Yea: now thy true devotion do I find,
And sure in this I much commend thy mind:
Else here thou doost but ill ensample giue,
And in a Nunry here thou shouldst not liue.
Is't possible the house that thou art in
Should not be tucht, (though with a venial sin)
When such a she-Priest comes her masic to say,
Twenty to one, they al forget to pray?
Well may we wish, they would their harts amend,
When we be witnes, that their eies offend,
All creatures haue desires, or else some lie,
Let them thinke so that will, so will not I.
Doest thou not thinke our Ancestors were wise,
That these religious Cels did first devise?
As Hospitals were for the sore and sick,
These for the crook'd, the hault, the stigmatick,
Least that their seed mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemish to posterity.
Would heau'n her beauty should be hid from sight,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Nere would she thus her selfe adorne with light,
With sparkling lamps; nor would she paint her thronc
But she delighteth to be gaz'd vpon :
And when the golden glorious sun goes downe,
Would she put on her star-bestudded crownc :
And in her masking sute, the spangled skie,
Come forth to bide it in her reuelry ;
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this, should imitate her fashion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer them selues of purpose to be seene;
In sinks and vaults, the vgly Toades do dwell,
The deuils since most vgly, they in hell :
Our mother earth, nere glories in her fruite,
Til by the sun clad in her Tinsel sute,
Nor doth she euer smile him in the face,
Til in his glorious armes he her imbrace :
Which proues she hath a soule, sence, and delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
Wel hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confesse,
What ere thy tongue say, thy hart saith no lessc.
Note but this one thing, (if nought els perswadc)
Nature of all things male, and female made,
Shewing her selfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made she any thing in vaine ;
For as thou art, should any haue beene thus,
She would haue left ensample vnto vs.
The Turtle that's so true and chast in loue,
Shewes by her mate somthing the spirit doth moue,
Th' arabian Bird, that neuer is but one,
Is only chast because she is alone;

But

But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes do,
But therefore made a martyr in desire;
And doth her penance lattly in the fire;
So may they all be rosted quicke that be
Apostataes to nature, as is she.
Find me but one so young, so faire, so free,
(W^od, su^d, and sought by him that now seekes the^o)
But of thy mind, and here I vndertake,
Straight to erect a Nunry for her sake;
O hadst thou tasted of these rare delights
Ordained each where to please great Princes sights,
To haue their beauties, and their wits admird,
(Which is by nature, of your sexe desird)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneeld to in court,
To be saluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnes, gracie, and soueraigne maiestie:
But vnto them that know not pleasures price,
Al's one, a prison, and a Paradice.
If in a Dungion, closd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
Whose pallate neuer tasted dainty cates,
Thinks homely dishes, princely delicates.
Alas poore girle, I pitty thine estate,
That now thus long hast liu'd disconsolate;
Why now at length let yet thy hart relent,
And cal thy Father backe from banishment:
And with those princely honors here inuest him,
That aukeward loue, not hate hath dispossess him.
Cal from exile, thy deere allies and friends,

To

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

To whom the fury of my griefe extends;
And if thou take my counsaile in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt haue better grace.
And leaue that *Dunmome*, that accursed Cell,
There let blacke night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where al ioyes I haue receaue thee,
And til that houre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

This Epistle of K. John to *Matilda*, is much more poetical than historicall, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time, or state, touching only his loue to her, & the extremity of his passiōs forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humor of this king: as it hath bin truly noted by the best & most autenti-call writers, whose nature and disposition, is trulie & discerned in the course of his loue; first iesting at the ceremonies of the ser-uices of those times, then going about by all strong and proba-ble arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights, next with promises of honour, which hee thinkeith to bee last and greatest meane, and to haue greatest power in her sexe; with promise of calling home of her friends, which hee thought might bee a great inducement to his desires.

Matilda to King John.

NO sooner I receiu'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But suddaine feare my bloudlesse vaines doth fill,
As though diuining of shme future ill;
And in a shiueting extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnes runs through al my bloud:
Opening thy letters, I shut vp my rest,

And

EPISTLES.

13

And let strange cares into my quiet brest,
As though thy hard, ynpitying hand had sent me,
So me new deuised torture to torment me;
Wel had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not:
And that proud beauty, which infest me hether,
Had with my name, now perish'd both together:
But ô (I see) our hoped good deceaues vs,
But what we would forgo, that sildome leaue vs;
Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,
Mine eyes would cleuse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.
I once determinid, stil to haue beene mute,
Only by silence to refel thy sute,
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For some will say that silence doth consent:
Desire, with smal incouraging growes bold,
And hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I set me downe at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I find;
For dread and passion, are so powerful ore me,
That I discerne not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at command, and now inuention lacks,
This sentence seques, and that my hand out-strikes,
That pleaseth wel, and this as much mislikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, dispaire, take courage, faint, disdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:

Now

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shamefalt, fearelesse, doubtful, timerous;
My faint hands writing, when my full eie reedes,
From euery word strange passion stil proceedes.
O when the soule is fettered once in wo,
Tis strange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drown a teare, sigh, sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other;
Th' ouer-watched weakenes of a sicke conceite,
Is that which makes small beauty seeme so great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd seeme straight, if straight seeme contrary,
And this our vaine imagination showes it
As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirrhor, if the same be true)
Such as your likenes, iustly such are you;
But as you change your selfe, it changeth thare,
And showes you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your shadow moue,
If frowne or smile; such the conceit of loue.
Why tel me, is it possible the mind
A forme in al deformity should find?
Within the compasse of mans face we see
How many sorts of seueral fauors be;
And that the chin, the nose, the brow, the eie,
If great, if small, flat, sharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mighty difference in the face;
And in the world, scarce two so likely are
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,

EPISTLES.

14

A iudging sight doth soone distinguish either.
How woman-like a weakenes is it then?
O what strange madnesse so possesseth men
Bereft of sence : such senceles wonders seeing,
Without forme, fashion, certainty or being?
For which so many die to liue in anguish,
Yet cannot liue if thus they should not languish;
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs most, when most it speakes vs faire,
Doth promise al things, alwaies payes with ayre,
Yet sometime doth our greatest griefe appease,
To double sorrow after little ease.
Like that which thy lasciuious wil doth craue,
Which if once had, thou never more canst haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou doost waft it,
Taken, is lost, and perish'd if thou haft it;
Which if thou gain'st, thou nere the more haft won,
I loosing nothing, yet am quite vndon;
And yet of that, if that a King depraueme,
No King restores, though he a kingdom gaueme.
Doost thou of father and of friends deprive me?
And tak'st thou from me, all that heauen did giue me?
What nature claimes, by bloud, alies, or neerenes,
Or friendship challenge, by regard or deerenes.
Mak'st me an Orphane ere my father die?
A woful widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbridled lust the cause of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans tombe with fained teares to fill,
So the devouring Crocodile doth kill,

To

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

To harbor hate in shew of sweetest things,
So in the Rose the poisned serpent stings.
To lurke far off, yet lodge destruction by,
The Basiliske doth poison with the eye;
To cal for ayde, and then to lie in waite,
So the Hiena murthers by deceit;
By sweet inticements, sodaine death to bring,
So from the rocks th' alluring Mermaids sing;
In greatest wants, t' inflict the greatest woe,
This is the worst that tyranny can doe.
But where the boistrous raging storme preuailes,
In vaine is vse of Ankors, eares, or sailes;
Abouevs, blustring winds, and dreadful thunder,
Gusts, flawes, and surges, stil are working vnder;
Here on this side, the furious tempests flic,
There Rocks and sands, and dangerous whir-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that maiesty approues,
And in this sort do Princes wooe their louess?
With rarest musicke, which the hearing charmes,
Fill they our eares, with noise of clattering Armes?
To please the sinel with odours sweet perfuming,
The smoky steame, of Towers with fire consuming?
For pompous triumphs, to delight the eye,
Present vs inurther, and blacke tragedie?
To please the taste, and stir the youthful bloud,
Giue they vs teares for drinke, and sighes for food,
To please the tuch they cares to vs allow?
Our hands may feele the wrinckles in our brow,
And for sweet friends to nourish our content,
Mue they vs vp, send them to banishment.
Mildnesse would better suite with maiesty,

Then

Then rash reuenge, and rough feuerity;
For vertue is more amiable, more sweet
When vertue, and true maiestie do meet;
For from the prospect of a kingly throne
Vertue sees much, she hath to build vpon.
O in what safety Temperance doth rest
When it findes harbor in a kingly brest;
How deere is mercy, hauing power and will,
When pitty helps where equity doth kill?
If pitty praiseful in vnhelping men,
In poweful Kings, how glorieus is it then?
Alas, and fled I hether from my fo,
That innocence should be betraied so?
Is Court and Country both her enemy,
And no place found to shroud in chasteiy?
Each house for lust, a harbor and an Inne,
Each City is a sanctuary for sinne;
And all do pitty beauty in distresse,
If beauty chaste, then only pittiesse.
And thus is beauty made the stale of lust,
Or vntreliued, perish needes she must.
Laciuous Poets, which abuse the truth,
Which oft teach age to sin, infecting youth,
For the vnchaste make trees and stones to mourne,
Or as they please, to other shapes do turne:
Cinyras daughter, whose incestuous mind,
Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind;
Long since by them is turnd into a Mirr,
Whose dropping liquor euer weepes for her:
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault so vyle, and monstorous before,

Silla,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Silla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a byrd, (if al be true they say.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamophiz'd into Frankensence.
Other to flowers, to odours, and to guin,
At least *Jones* Lemman is a star become:
And more; they faine a thousand fond excuses,
To hide their scapes and couer their abuses,
The virgine only they obscure and hide,
Whilst the vnchast, by them are deified;
Yet if a *Vestals* name be once exprest,
She must be set together with the rest.
I am not now, as when thou saw'it me last,
That fauour soone is vanished and past;
That Rosie-blush, lapp'd in a Lilly-vale,
Now with the Morphew ouer-growne and pale,
And down my cheekes with showers of swelling teares,
Remaine the furrowes that continuance weares,
And in the circles of my withered eyes,
In aged wrinkles beauty buried lyes:
And in my grace, my presence, iesture, cheere,
Ruine, distresse, woe, anguish, doth appeare.
That brest, that hand, that cheeke, that eye, that brow,
Faded, decaied, fallen, darkned, wrinckled now:
Such was my beauty once, now is it such,
Once thought most rare, now altered more then much:
Nor I regard all that thou canst protest,
My vowe is taken, I a Nun profest.
This *Vestall* habite doth content me more
Then all the robes that yet I euer wore.
Had *Rosamond*, (a recluse of our sort)

Taken

EPISTLES.

16

Taken our Cloister, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vale,
Which she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
She need not like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue been lock'd vp from iealous *Ellinor*,
But beeine as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father subiect to all tongues.
To shadow sinne, might can the most pretend,
Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend,
A stronger hand restraines our wilful powers,
A will must rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine desires do woe
For vertues sake, but what we (only) doe.
And hath my Father chose to liue exild,
Before his eyes should see my youth defild?
And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Towers and Castles razd with fire:
Yet neuer tuch'd with griefe, so onely I,
Exempt from shame might with true honor dic.
And shal this iewel which so deerely cost,
Now after all, by my dishonour lost?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my soule too deepe impression beares:
No, no, his fare-wel at his last depart,
More deeply is ingrauen in my hart,
Nor shal that blot, by me his name shal haue,
Bring his gray haires with sorrow to his graue,
Rather with pitty weepe vpon my Tombe,
Then for my birth to curse my mothers wombe:
Though *Dannmowe* giue no refuge heere at all,
Dannmowe can giue my body buriall.

If

ENGLANDS HEROICAL
If al remorslesse, no teare-shedding eye,
My selfe wil moane my selfe; so liue, so die.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

This Epistle, containeth no particular points of history, more then the generality of the argument laieth open, for after the banishment of the Lorde Robers Fizwaster, and that *Masilda* was become a Recluse at Dunmowe, (from whence this replie is imagined to be written,) the King stil earnestly persisting in his loue, *Masilda* with this chaste & constant deniall, hopeth yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herselfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monasticke habite, and to shew that shee stil beareth in minde his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust, she remembreth him of her fathers banishment, & the lawlesse exile of her allies and friends.

Doſt thouſhew of Fesber and offriends deprie me?

Then complaining of her distresse, that flying thether, thinking there to find releefe, she sees her selfe most assayld where she hoped to haue found most safety.

*Alas, and fled I hether from my face,
Thus, &c.*

After againe, standing vpon the precise points of conscience, not to cast off this habite she had taken.

My vow is taken, I a Nun professe.

And at last laying opē more particularly the miseries sustained by her Father in England, the burning of his Castles and houses, which she proueth to be for her sake: as respecting onely her honor, more then his native country and his own fortunes.

*And so withstand a Tyrants leude desire,
Beheld his Towers and castles set on fire.*

Knitting vp her Epistle with a great and constant resolution,
*Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body buriall.*

FINIS.

To



To the vertuous Lady, the La-
dy Anne Harrington: wife to the honou-
rable Gentleman, Sir John Harrington
Knight.

MY singular good Lady: your many vertues known
in generall to all, and your gracious fauors to my
unworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in mee,
wh:ch before I knew you, I onely sawe by the light
of other mens iudgements. Honour seated in your breast,
finds her selfe adorned as in a riche pallace, making that excel-
lent which makes her admirable: which like the sunne (from
thence) begetteth most pretious things of this earthly world,
only by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould.
Worth is best discerned by the worthy, deighted mindes want
that pure fire which shoulde give vigor to vertue. I refer to
your owne great thoughts, (the impartiall Judges of true af-
fection) the unfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honora-
ble service: and so rest your Ladiship shumbly at command.

Michaell Drayton.

D. Queene

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Queene Isabell to Mortimer.

¶ The Argument.

Queene Isabell, (the wife of Edward the seconde, called Edward Carnaruan,) being the daughter of Phillip le Beau, King of Fraunce, forsaken by the King her husband, who delighted onely in the company of Piers Gaueston, his minion and favorite: and after his death seduced by the euill counsele of the Spencers. This Queen thus left by her husband, even in the glory of her youth, drewe into her especiall fauour Roger Mortimer, Lorde of Wigmore: a man of a mighty & iuincible spirit. This Lord Mortimer rising in armes against the King, with Thomas Earle of Lancaster and the Barons, was taken where he could gather his power, & by the King committed to the Tower of London. During his imprisonment, he ordained a feast in honor of his birth-day, to which he invited Sir Stephen Segraue, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the officers where by meanes of a drinke prepared him by the Queen, he cast them al into a heawy sleepe, & with ladders of cords being ready prepared for the purpose, he escapeth, and flieth into Fraunce, whither shee sendeth this Epistle, complaing her own misfortuns, and greatly reioycing at his safe escape.

Though such sweet comfort comes not now from her
As Englands Queen hath sent to Mortimer,
Yet what that wants, which might my power approue,
If lines can bring, this shall supply with loue.

Me

Me thinks affliction should not fright me so,
 Nor should resume these sundry shapes of woe
 But when I taine would find the cause of this,
 Thy absence shewes me where the error is.
 Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
 Sad sorrow then possessteth euery fence,
 But finding thy deere bloud preseru'd thereby,
 And in thy life, my long-wish'd liberty,
 With that sweet thought my selfe I only please
 Amid'st my griefe; which sometimes giues me ease,
 Thus do extreamest ils a ioy possesse,
 And one woe makes another woe seeme lesse.
 That blessed night, that mild aspected houre,
 Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Towre,
 Shal consecrated ever-more remaine:
 What gentle Planet in that howre did raigne;
 And shal be happy in the birth of men,
 Which was chiefe Lord of the Ascendant then,
 Oh, how I feard that sleepy iuyce I sent,
 Might yet want power to further thine intent;
 Or that some vnsene mystery might lurke,
 Which wanting order, kindly should not worke:
 Oft did I wish, those dreadful poysoned lees
 That clos'd the ever-waking Dragons eyes,
 Or I had had those sence-bereaving stalkes
 That grow in shady *Proserpines* darke walkes;
 Or those blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
 Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow:
 Oft did I feare this moist and foggy Clime,
 Or that the earth, waxt barraine now with time
 Should not haue hearbs to helpe me in this case,

D 2.

Such

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Such as do thriue on Indias parched face,
That morrow, when the blessed sunne did rise,
And shut the lids of all heauens lesser eies,
Forth from my pallace by a secret staire
I steale to Thames, as though to take the ayre;
And aske the gentle floud as it doth glide,
Or thou didst passe, or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the streame
To lay thee softly on her siluer teame,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with her teares, thou might' st haue some teares more.
When suddainly doth rise a rougher gale,
With that (me thinks) the troubled waues looke pale,
And sighing with that little gust that blowes,
With this remembrance seeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this suddaine passion doth affright me,
The cheerful sunne breakes from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottome evident appeare,
As it would tel me, that thou wast not there,
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seeme to tel me, thou art safe on land.
Did Bulloynce once a festiuall prepare
For England, Almaine, Cicile, and Nauarre?
When Fraunce enuied those buildings (only bleſſt)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my bridalfeast,
That English Edward should refuse my bed
For that incestuous shameles Ganymed?
And in my place, vpon this regal throne,
To set that girle-boy, wanton Ganefon.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glasse assures me no ſuch diſference is,

That

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19

That a soule witches bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes heires,
When we can boast our birth is only theirs?
When base dissembling flatterers shall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous Auncestors did leaue vs :
And of our princely iewels and our dowers,
We but enjoy the least of what is ours;
When Minions heads must weare our Monarchs crowns,
To raise vp dunghils with our famous townes :
When beggars-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
And soare aloft, impt with our Eagles plumes;
And ioynd with the braue issue of our bloud,
Alie the kingdome to their crauand brood.
Did *Longshanks* purchase with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy sonne)
Should giue away al that his Father wonne?
To backe a stranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue alies and branches of the crown?
And did great *Edward*, on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterward should liue,
That, that proud *Gascoyne*, banished the land,
No more should tread vpon the English sand?
And haue these great Lords in the quarrel stood,
And seald his last will with their dearest bloud,
That after all this fearefull massaker,
The fall of *Benchamp*, *Lasy*, *Lancaster*,
Another faithlesse fauorite should arise
To cloude the sunne of our Nobilitie?
And gloried I in *Gauestons* great fall,

D 3.

That

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That now a Spenser should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and Empire should succeed;
That wanting one a kingdoms wealth to spend,
Of what that left, this now should make an end:
To wait all that our father won before,
Nor leaue our sonne a sword to conquerie more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly do resist,
Where power can do (euen) al things as it list,
And with yniust men to debate of lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightful cause:
Whilst parliaments must stil redresse their wrongs,
And we must starue for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to their fond excesse,
And we must fast to feast their wantonnesse.
Think'it thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To moue our brother to religious warre?
And if they were, yet Edward doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all accur, to put backe all excuse.
The Sisters wrong, ioynd with the brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cause to fight.
Be all those people sencelesse of our harmes
Which for our Country oft haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Brittaines lost the vse of shot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and sharp-edg'd Semiters?
Or do the Pickards let their Crosbowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Thessalie?

Or

Or if a valiant leader be their lacke,
Where thou art present, who should driue them backe?
I do coniure thee by what is most deere,
By that great Name offamous *Mortimer*,
By ancient *Wigmors* honorable Crest,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandsires rest;
Or if then these, what more may thee approue,
Euen by those vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Christian King,
By forraine Armes some comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traytors that rebell
Against the right of princely *Isabell*.
Vaine widdise woman, why should I desire
To adde more spleene to thy immortal fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine owne estate,
When whatsocuer we intend to do,
To our misfortune euer sorts vnto;
And nothing else remaines for vs beside,
But teares and Coffins only to prouide,
When st. I so long as *Burrough* bcares that name
Time shal not blot out our deserued shame;
And whilst cleere *Trent* her wonted course shal keepe,
For our sad fall her christal drops shal weepe.
All see our ruine on our backs is throwne,
And to our selues our sorrowes are our owne.
And *Torlon* now whose counsell should direct
The first of al is flandred with suspect:
For dangerous things dissembled sildome arc,
Which many eyes attend with busie care.
What should I say? my grifes do stil renew,

And

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And but begin when I should bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I staie, the more I strue to goe.
As accents issue forth, grieves enter in,
And where I end, me thinks I but begin:
Then till faire time some greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in these ayrie words.

Notes of the Chronicle history.

O how I feard shas sleepy drinke I sens,
Mighty yet wan power so further shine intent.

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honor of his birth-day, as he pretended: & inviting thereunto sir Stephen Segraue Constable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, he gaue them a sleepe drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes hee got liberty for his escape.

I steale to Thame, as though to take the ayre,
And aske the gentle streme as it doth glide,

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, swamme the riuere of Thame into Kent, whereof she hauing intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three yeares.

Did Bullyone once a festiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicile and Nauarre?

Edward Carnaruan, the first prince of Wales of the English bloud, married Isabell, daughter of Phillip the faire, at Bulloyne, in the presence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicile, with the chiefe Nobility of Fraunce and England, which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place, upon his regal shrone,
To set shas girle-boy, wanton Gaucston.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonnes of Gaucston the Kings Minion; his behaviour and attire ever so womanlike, to please the eye of his lasciuious prince.

Thas

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21

That a foule witches bastard should thereby,

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobility, in the disgrace of Piers Gaueston, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that Piers had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania. Scotland so called of *Albanus*, the seconde sonne of *Brutus*, and Cambria, Wales, so called of *Camber* the third sonne, the fourre Realmes and Countries, brought in subiection by *Edward Longshanks*.

When of our Princely iewels, and our dowers,

We bus enjoy the least of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of King Edward, giuing vnes Gaueston the iewels and treasure which was left him by the auncient Kings of England; and enriching him with the goodly Mauor of Wallingforde, assygned as parcell of the dower, to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioynd with the braue issue of our blood,

Alie our kingdome to their cravand brood.

Edward the second, gaue to Piers Gaueston in marriage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloucester, begore of the Kings sister, *Joane of Acres*, married to the said Earle of Gloucester,

Should give away all that his father won

To backe a stranger.

King Edward offered his right in France to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robers Bruse*, to bee ayded against the Barons, in the quarrel of Piers Gaueston.

And did greas Edward on his deash-bed give.

Edward Longshanks on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded young Edward his sonne on his blessing, not to call backe Gaueston, which (for the misguiding of the Princes youth) was before banished by the whole counsell of the land.

Thus after all his fearefull maffaker,

The fal of Beuchamp, Lafy, Lancaster.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaster, Guy, Earle of Warwicke, and Henry Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oathes before the deceasid King at his death, to withstand his sonne Edward if he should call Gaueston from exile, beeing a thing which hee much feared: now seeing Edward to violate his fathers commaundement, rise in Armes against the King, which was the cause of the ciuite war and

ENGLANDS HEROICAL and the ruine of so many Princes.

And glорied I in Gauestons greas fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?

The two Hugh Spensers, the Father & the sonne, after the death of Gaueston, became the great fauorites of the King, the sonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father Earle of Winchester.

And if they were, yet Edward deth desaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longshanks, did homage for thole citties and territories to the French King, which Edward the second negleciung, moued the French King, by the subornation of Mortimer, to leaue thole Countries into his hands.

By ancien Wigmors honourable Crest.
Wigmore in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and couragious family.

That still so long as Borrough beares that name.

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barrons, by Andrew Herckley, Earle of Carlil, at Borrough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Tortlon now, whose counsels should direct,
This was Adam Tortlon, bishop of Herford, that great politician, who so highly fauored the faction of the Queene and Mortimer, whose euill counsell afterwarde wrought the destruction of the King.

Mortimer to Queene ffabel.

A S thy salutes my sorrowes do adiourne,
So backe to thee their interest I returne;
Though not in so great bounty (I confessie)
As thy heroicke princely lynes expresse :
For how should comfort issue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didst me once reprise,

Now

Now in exile, my hopes thou doost revive;
Twice al was taken, twice thou all didst giue,
And thust twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to live.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I gine it backe to you;
Nere my escape had, I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skye-attempting *Dedalus*;
And yet to giue more safety to my flight,
Haue made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proud aspiring wall,
Which held without, my hopes, within, my fall,
Leauing the cordes to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eies with feare to looke ypon,
But that thy beauty (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this spirit of mine.
Drawne by the sunne of thy celestial eyes,
With fiery wings made passage through the skies.
The heauens did seeme the charge of me to take,
And sea and land befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stopt her tide, to make me way to go,
As thou had'st charg'd her that it should be so,
The hollow murmuring winds their due time kepte,
As they had rock'd the world, whilst all things slept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This stroue to helpe me, and that stroue to saue me;
The brisling Reedes, mou'd with the ayre did chide me,
As they would tel me, that they meant to hide me.
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauy cheere,
And would not let one little star appeare,
But ouer all, her smoky mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke vapours muzzled vp the world;

And

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And the pure ayre became so calme and still
As it had beeene obedient to my will;
And euery thing disposd vnto my rest,
As when on Seas the *Alcion* builds her nest.
And those rough waues which late with fury rusht,
Slide smootlie on, and sudainly are husht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his surges out so long
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong;
Nor let the *Spencers* glory in my chance
That thus I liue an exile now in France;
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me:
More were her want, France our great bloud should beare,
Then Englands losse should be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandsire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table lastly did ordaine;
To whose great Court at Kenelworth did come
The peerelesse knighthood of all Christendom:
Whose Princely order, honored England more
Then al the conquests she atchiu'd before.
Neuer durst Scot set foot on English ground,
Nor on his backe did English beare a wound,
Whilst *Wigmore* flourisht in our princely hopes,
And whilst our Ensigne march'd with *Edwards* troupes:
Whilst famous *Longshanks* bones (in fortunes scorne)
As sacred reliques to the field were borne;
Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our braue battailes guarded them about.
Nor did our wiues and woful mothers mourne
The English bloud that stained *Banocksburne*,
Whilst with his Minions sporting in his Tent,

Whole

Whole daies and nights in banqueting were spent :
Vntil the Scots (which vnder safegard stood)
Made lauish hauocke of the English bloud;
And battered helmes lay scattered on the shore,
Where they in conquest had beene borne before.
A thousand kingdoms will we seeke from far,
As many Nations wast with ciuill war,
Where the disheuel'd gasti Sea-nymph sings,
Or wel-rigd ships shal stretch their swelling wings,
And drag their ankers through the sandy foame,
About the world in euery Clime to roame,
And those vnchristned Countries cal our own,
Where scarce the name of England hath been known;
And in the dead-sea sinck our houses fame,
From whose sterne waues we first deriu'd our Name,
Before foule black-mouth'd infamy shal sing
That *Mortimer* ere stoop'd vnto a King.
And we wil turne sterne-visag'd fury backe,
To seeke his spoile, who sought our vtter sacke :
And come to beard him in our natvie Ile,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile.
And after al these boistrous stormy shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulky Rocks.
Nor wil we come like Pyrats, or like theeues,
From mountaine Forrests, or sea-bordering Cleeues,
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the sterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum :
And in the field aduance our plamy Crest,
And march vpon faire Englands flowry brest;
And Thames which once we for our life did swim,
Shaking our dewic tresses on her brim,

Shall

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Shal beare my Nauy; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the powerfull tide;
Which fertile Essex, and faire Kent shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,
When on her stemming poopes she proudly beares,
The famous Ensignes of the Belgicke peeres.

And for the hateful sacrilegious sin
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in,
The Cannon text shal haue a common glosse,
Receits in parcels, shal be paide in grossse,
This doctrine preach'd, who from the church doth take,
At least shal trebble restitution make:
For which Rome sends her curses out from far,
Through the sterne throate of terror-breathing war,
Til to th' vnpopled shore she brings supplies
Of those industrious Romaine Colonies.

And for his homage, by the which of old
Proude *Edward Guyne* and Aquitaine doth hold,
Charles by inuasive armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o're the Lake;
When *Edwards* fortune stands vpon this chaunce,
To loose in England, or expuls'd from Fraunce;
And all those townes great *Longshanks* left his son,
Now lost againe, which once his father won.

Within their strong percullid Ports shal lie,
And from their wals his sieges shal defie.

And by that firme and vndissolued knot,
Betwixt the neighboring French, and bordering Scot,
Bruce now shall bring his redshanks from the seas,
From th' lled Orcad's, and the Hebrydes,
And to his Westerne Hauens giue free passe,

To

To land the warlike Irish *Galiglasse*:
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber sands,
Wasting along the Northern netherlands.
And wanting those which should his power sustaine,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody raigne,
Our warlike sword shal drive him from his throne,
Where he shal lie for vs to tread vpon:
And those great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongst the English Saints;
And by the superstitious people thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that shoud much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the bloud off famous *Bohun* slaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhor their King.
Nor shal a *Spenser* (be he ne're so great)
Possesse our Wigmore, our renowned seate.
To raze the ancient Trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace;
Nor shal he lead our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spensers* famous in the North:
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittish pales,
Defending England, and preseruing Wales.
At first our troubles seemed calme enough,
But now are growne more boystrous and more rough,
With grauest counsell al must be directed,
Where plainest shewes are openly suspected;
For where mishaps our errors doth assault,
There doth it easildest make vs see our fault.
Then (sweet) reresse al sond and wilful spleene,
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene;

Keepe

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Keep close the cyndars, least the fire should burne,
It is not this which yet must serue our turne.
And if I do not much mistake the thing,
The next supply shal greater comfort bring;
Till when I leaue my Princesse for a while,
Liue thou in rest, though I liue in exile.

Notes of the Chronicle history.

Of one condemned, and long lody'd vp in death.

Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had stood publiquely condemned, for his insurrection with Thomas Earle of Lancaster, and Robyn Earle of Herford, by the space of three months; and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene shortly after, which he preuented by his escape.

Twice all was taken, twice shou al didst give.

At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene (by meanes of Torkton Bishop of Hereford, and Becke Bishop of Duresme and Patriarck of Ierusalem, beeing then both mighty in the state, vpon the submision of the Mortimers, somewhat pacified the king, and nowe secondlie shew wrought meanes for his escape.

Leaving the cords to selwhere I had gone.

With strong ladders made of cordes prouided him for the purpose, hee escaped out of the Tower, which when the same were found fastened to the wals, in such a desperate attempt they bred astonishment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spencers glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spencers, the Father and the sonne, then being so highly fauored of the King, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, whose high and turbulent spirit, could neuer brooke any corrual in greatnessse.

My Grandfye was she first since Arthurs raigne,
That the Round-table lastly did ordaine.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lorde Mortimer, Grandfather

to this Roger, which was afterwarde the first Earle of March, re-rected againe the Round-table at Kenelworth, after the auncient order of King Arthurs table, with the retinu of a hundred knyghtes and a hundred Ladies in his house, for the entertaining of luch aduenturers as came thither from all parts of Christendome.

Whilſt famous Longshanks bones in fortunes ſcorne.

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body ſhould be boyled the flēſh from the bones, & that the bones ſhould be borne to the warres in Scotland, which hee was perfwaded vnto by a prop̄ecy, which told that the English ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were carried in the field.

The English bloud that ſtained Banocksburne.

In the great voyaſe Edward the ſecond made againſt the Scots, at the batteſt at Strineling, neere vnto the riuere of Banocksburn, in Scotland, where there was in the English campe ſuch banqueting & exceilē, ſuch riot and miſorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the English a great and ſcareful ouerthrow.

And in the Dead ſea, ſinke our houſes fame,

From whōſe, &c.

Mortimer ſo caſtled of Mare Mortain, and in French, Mortmer: in English the Dead ſea, which is ſaide to be, where Sodome and Gomora once were, before they were deſtroyed by fire from heauen.

And for ſhar hateful ſacrilegious ſin,

Whiſt by the Pope he ſtands accuſed in,

Gauſelinus and Lucas, two Cardinals, ſent into England from Pope Clemens, to appeaſe the auncient hate between the King and Thomas Earle of Lancaster, to whose Embaſſy the King ſeemed to yecelde, but after their departure hee went backe from his promiſes, for which he was accuſed at Rome.

Of whōſe induſtrious Romaine Colonies.

A Colony is a ſort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, wherby he ſeemeth here to prophecie of the ſubuersion of the Lande; the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes, againſt Edward for the breach of his promiſe.

Charles by invaſive Armes againſt ſhall take.

Charles the French King, incoued by the wrong done vnto his ſitter, ſeazeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of Eng-

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land, into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who solicited her cause in Fraunce, as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the glosse vpon this point.

*And those great Lords now after their assaints,
Canonized amoneſt the English Saints.*

After the death of Thomas Earle of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to bee doone by his reliques: as they did of the body of Bohun Earle of Hereford, slaine at Borough bridge.

F I N I S.

Edwarde the blacke Prince to Alice Countesse of Salisbury.

* The Argument.

Alice, Countesse of Salisbury, remaining at Roxborough Caſtle in the North, in the absence of the Earle her husband, who was by the Kings command ſent ouer into Flanders, & there deceaſed ere his return: This Lady being besieged in her Caſtell by the Scots; Edward the blacke Prince, being ſent by the king his father, to relieue the North parts with an Army, and to remoue the ſiege of Roxborough; there fell in loue with the Countesse: when after ſhorter-ued to London; he ſought by diuers and ſundry meaneſ to win her to his youthfull pleaſures; as by forcing the Earle of Kent her father, & her mother, unnaturallly to become his agents in his vaine deſire; where after a long and aſſured triall of her invincible conſtancy, hee taketh her to his wife: to which end, he only frameth this Ep'ſtle.

Receiue

RECEIUE these papers, from thy wosull Lord,
With far more woes, the they with words are stor'd;
Which if thine eye, with rashnesse do reproue,
They'll say they came from that imperious loue.
In every letter thou maist vnderstand,
Which loue hath sign'd and sealed with his hand:
And where to farther processe he refers,
In blots set downe, for other Characters.
This cannot blush, although you do refuse it,
Nor wil reply how euer you shal vse it:
Al's one to this, though you should bid dispaire,
This stil intreats you, this stil speakes you faire;
Hast thou a liuing soule? a humaine sense?
To like, dislike, proue, order, and dispense,
The depth of reason, soundly to advise,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to despise:
The tuch of iudgement, which should all things proue,
And hast thou touch'd, yet not allow'st my loue.
Sound, moues his sound, voice, doth beget his voice,
One Echo makes, another to rejoice,
One wel tun'd-string sets truly to his like,
Strooke neere at hand, doth make another strike.
How comes it then, that our affections iar?
What opposition doth beget this war?
I know that nature frankly to thee gaue,
That measure of her bounty that I haue,
And with that sence she lent, she likewise lent
Each one his organ, ech his instrument,
But every one, because it is thine owne,
Doth prize it selfe, vnto it selfe alone.
Thy dainty hand when it, it selfe doth tuch,

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That feeling tels it, there was never such;
When in thy glasse, thine eye it selfe doth see,
That thinks there's none, like to it selfe can be,
And every one, doth judge it selfe diuine,
Because thy selfe doth challenge it for thine;
And each it selfe, *Narcissus*-like doth smo;her,
And loues it selfe, not like to any other:
Fie be not burnd thus, in thine own desire,
Tis needless, beauty should it selfe admire,
The sunne, by which all creatures lightned be,
And seeth all, it selfe yet cannot see;
And his own brightnesse, his own foile is made,
And doth become the cause of his own shade,
When first thy beauty, by mine eye was prou'd,
It saw not then, so much to be belou'd,
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make,
In little cerclets first it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eyes,
And in his Gyring compasse as it goes,
So more, and more, the same in greatness growes,
And as it more, at liberty is let,
The motion still, doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was, but beauty to behold:
Art thou offended, that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cause, th' effect is soone remou'd;
Indent with beauty, how far to extend,
Set down desire, a limmit where to end,
Then charme thine eyes, their glances shal not wound,
Teach reason how, the depth of loue to sound:

If thou do this, nay then thou shalt do more,
And bring to passe what never was before:
Wrest plainest words, to an ambiguous fense,
Let soule vnkindnesse, never breed offence;
Make anguish sportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth solempne, sullen, and inclind to night,
Ambition lowly, enuy speaking well,
Loue his reliese of nigardize to sell:
Our warlike fathers, did these forts devise,
As surest houlds against our enemis,
The safest places, for your sexe to rest,
Feare soone is settled in a womans brest,
Thy breast is of another temper far,
And then thy castell fitter for the war;
Thou doost not safely, in thy castell rest,
Thy castell should be safer in thy brest,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friends inclose,
But thy brest keepes out, both thy friends and foes;
That may be batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by strayte siege, for want of succour pin'd,
But thy hart is, inuincible to all,
And more defensiue then thy castell wall:
Of all the shapes that euer *lone* did proue,
Wherewith he vs'd to entertaine his loue:
That likes me best, when in a golden shower,
He raind himselfe on *Danae* in her Tower,
Nor did I euer enuy his command,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand;
But in that showry shape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee,
Thy Tower with foes, is not begert about,

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If thou within, they are besieg'd without,
One haire of thine more vigor doth retaine
To bind thy foe, then with an Iron chaine:
Who might be gyu'd in such a goulden string,
Would not be captiue, though he were a King?
Hadst thou all India heap'd vp in thy fort,
And thou thy selfe besieged in that fort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee espie,
They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie,
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower should win,
If thou thy selfe doest guard the same within,
Thine eye retaines artillery at will,
To kil who euer thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds their harts
Then they can thee, though with a thousand darts;
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from those Turrets all the world defies,
And when thou letst down that transparent lid,
Of entrance there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou needst never feare,
Who thinks of want when thou art present there;
Thy only sight giues spirit vnto the bloud,
And comforts life, though never tasting food.
And as thy souldiers keepe their watch and ward,
So chastyty thy inward brest doth guard;
Thy modest pulse serues as a *larum* bell,
Which watched by a wakeful sentinel
Is stirring stil with euery little feare,
Warning if any enemy be neare:
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like carefull skouts passe vp and down thy breast,

And

And stil they round, about that place doth keepe,
Whilst al the blessed garison do sleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were tould,
That thou hast robd, and fliest vnto this hould:
I thought as much, and didst this fort deuise,
That thou in safety, here might'st tyranize;
Yes, thou hast robd the heauen, and earth, of all,
And they against thy lawles theft do call:
Thine eye, which thus with mine eye maketh wars,
Hath that transluence from the glorious stars,
Thy breath, for which my breath to sighs consumes,
Hath robd sweet flowers of odors and perfumes;
Thy cheeke, for which my cheeke such penance proues,
Doth take all whitenes both from swans and doues;
Thy skin for which, on mine age furrowes brings,
Of simple purenes robd the christall springs;
Thy lips from mine, that in thy maske be pent,
Hath filch'd the blushing from the orient:
O mighty Loue! bring hither all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower,
For if she may be suffered in this fort,
Heauens store will heere be hoarded in this fort;
When I arriu'd before that state of loue,
And sawe thee on the battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angell didst from thence appeare.
But when my reason did correct mine eye,
That thou wert subiect to mortallity,
I then excus'd the Scot before had done,
No maruaile though, he woulde the fort haue won,
Perceiuing wel those eniuious walles did hide

More

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More wealth then was in all the world beside;
Against thy foe, I came to lend thee ayd,
And thus to thee my selfe, my selfe betrayd;
He is besieg'd, the siege that came to rayse,
There's no assault that not my brest aslaycs,
Loue growne extreme, doth find vnlawfull shifcs,
The Gods take shapcs, and do allure with gifts,
Commanding *Iasse*, that by great *Stix* doth sweare,
Forsworne in loue, with louers othes doth beare,
Loue causelesse still, doth agrauate his cause,
It is his lawe, to violate all lawes;
His reason is, in only wanting reason,
And were vntreue, not deeply tuch'd with treason;
Th'unlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gaine,
He speakes most true, when he the most doth faine:
Pardon the faults that haue escap'd by me,
Against faire vertue, chastity, and thee;
If Gods can their own excellency excell,
It is in pardoning mortals that rebell.
When all thy trials are inrould by fame,
And all thy sexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue, shall be brought hereby
To adorne the triumph of thy chastity;
I sue not now, thy Paramoure to be,
But as a husband to be linck'd to thee.
I am Englands heyre, I thinke thou wilt confess,
Werst thou a Prince, I hope I am no lesse;
But that thy birth doth make thy stocke divine,
Else durst I boast, my bloud as good as thine;
Disdaine me not, nor take my loue in skorne,
Whose browe a crown hereafter may adorne.

But

But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
 Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt restore,
 Only I craue, what ere I did intend,
 In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
 Farewell sweet Lady, so well mayst thou fare,
 To equall ioy with measure of my care;
 Thy vertues more, then mortall tongue can tell,
 A thousand, thousand times, farewell farewell.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Receive these papers from thy woful Lord.

Bandello, by whom this history was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custom in that clime, rather to faile sometime in the truth of circumstance, then to forgoe the grace of their conceite; in like manner as the Grecians, of whome the Satyrist.

*Et quicquid Græcia mendax,
 Audet in historia.*

Thinking it to be a greater triall that a Countesse should bee sude vnto by a King, then by the sonne of a King, and consequent-
 ly, that the honor of her chasity should be the more, hath causd
 it to be generally taken so; but as by Polidore Fabian and Froissard,
 appeares the contrary is true. Yet may Bandello bee very well ex-
 cused as being a stranger, whose errours in the truth of our histo-
 ric are not so materiall, that they should need an inuictiue, least
 his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not
 lesse were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, least a common errour
 should preuaile against a truth, these Epistles are conceived in
 those persons who were indeede the actors; to wit, Edward firna-
 med the blacke Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the
 dismal battels which hee fought in Fraunce, (in like sence as wee
 may say a blacke daie) for some tragical event, though the
 sunne shine never so bright therein. And Alice the Coun-
 tesse of Salisbuie, who as it is certaine was beloued of Prince
 Edward, so it is as certaine that many points nowe current in the
 received

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receiued story can neuer hould together, with likelihood of such enforcement, had it not beene shewed vnder the title of a King,
And when shoul let'st down that transparent lid.

Note that the lid is transparent, for no part of the skin is transparent, but for the gemme which that cloture is saide to containe is transparent, for otherwise how could the minde vnderstand by the eye, shoul not the images slide through the same, and reple-nish the stage of the phantasie? but this belongs to Optricks. The Latins call the eye lid *cilium* (I will not say of *cilando*) as the eye brow *supercilium*, and the haire on the eye lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quid palpitet*, all which haue their distinct and necessary vses.

Alice Countesse of Salisbury to the blacke Prince.

AS one would grant; yet gladly would deny,
Twixt hope and feare, I doubtfully reply;
A womans weakenesse, least I should discouer,
Answering a Prince, and writing to a louer:
And some say loue, with reason doth dispence,
And wrests our plaine words to another sense:
Thinke you not then, poore women had not need
Be well aduis'd to write, what men should reed,
When being silent mouing but awry,
Giues cause of scandall and of obloquy;
Whilst in our harts, our secret thoughts abide,
To venom'd tongue of sclander yet is tyde,
But if once spoke, deliuered vp to fame,
Hers the report, but ours remaines the shame,
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinks I end ere I can well begin;

When

When I would end, then something makes me stay,
And then me thinks, I should haue more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my brest,
For want of words that cannot be exprest;
What I would say; and said to thee I faine,
Then in thy person I reply againe,
Then in thy cause, vrge all I can obiect,
Then what againe, mine honor must respect.
O Lord ! what sundry passions do I trie?
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrarie;
Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reason to obtaine your loue.
That greatnesse which doth challenge no deniall,
The only test that doth allow my triall:
Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that charter, women be exempt:
Men win vs not, except we giue consent;
Against our selues except, our selues are bent.
Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You proue not false, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men to trie,
And it is ours, by vertue to deny.
Your fault it selfe, serues for the faulcs excuse,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
Beauty a begger, sic it is too bad,
When in it selfe sufficiency is had,
It was not made to lure the wandring eye,
But an attyer t'adorne sweet modesty.
If modesty and women once do seuer,

Farewell

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Farewell our fame, farewell our name for euer,
Let John and Henry, Edwards instance be,
Matilda and faire *Rosamond* for me:
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be wonne,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the sonne.
Henry obtaining, did our weakenesse wound,
And laies the fault, on wanton *Rosamond*;
Matilda chaste, in life, and death all one,
By her deniall, laies the fault on *John*,
By these we proue, men accessary still,
But women only principals of ill.
What prayse is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, so much we be in debt,
Whilst our own honors, virtue doth defend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend:
If all the world else, should suborne our fame,
Tis we our selues that ouerthrow the same:
And howsoere, although by force you win,
Yet on our weakenesse still returns the sinne.
You are a vertuous Prince, so thought of all,
And shall I then, be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid: yet rather let me die,
Then such a sinne, vpon my soule should lie.
Where is great *Edward*? whither is he led?
At whose victorious name, whole Armies fled:
Is that braue spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a glance?
Is that great hart, that did aspire so hie,
So soone transpersed with a womans eyc?
He that a King, at Poycters battell tooke,
Himselfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a bride, to Church I haue beeene led,

EPISTLES.

38

Twice haue two Lords, enioyd my Bridall bed;
How can that beauty yet, be vndestroyd,
That yeares haue waited, and two men enioyd?
Or shold be thought fit for a Princes store,
Of which two subiects were possess'd before?
Let Spaine, let France, or Scotland so prefer,
Their infant Queenes, for Englands dowager,
That bloud should be, much more then halfe diuine,
That should be equall, euery way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life, so deereley do I loue you.
My noble husband, which so loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuertent *Montacute*,
Nere mothers voice, did please her babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made short the houres, that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares, vnto his pleasing tongue,
My lips haue waited, on your prayses worth,
And snatch'd his words, ere he could get them forth;
When he hath spoke, and somthing by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to say;
I kept in mind, where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him, the residue to to tell;
Oft he would say, how sweet a Prince is hee,
When I haue pray'd him, but for praysing thee,
And to proceed, I would intreat and wooe,
And yet to ease him, helpe to prayse thee too:
Must she beforc'd, t'exclame th' iniurious wrong,
Offred by him, whom she hath lou'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost sweare,
Edward will blush, when he his fault shall heare

Judge

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Judge now that time doth youths desire asswage,
And reason mildly quench'd the fire of rage:
By vpright iustice, let my cause be tride,
And be you iudge if I not iustly chide,
That not my fathers graue and reuerent yeares,
His bending knee, his cheeke-bedewing teares,
His prayers, persuasions, nor intreats could win,
To free himselfe as guiltlesse of my sin.
My mothers cries, her shreekes, her piteous moncs,
Her deepe-fetch'd sighs, dyre woes, hart-breaking gromes,
Thy lustfull rage, thy tyranny could stay,
Mine honor's ruine, further to delay;
Haue I not lou'd you? say: can you say no,
That as mine own preseru'd your honor so:
Had your fond will, your foule desires preuail'd,
When you by them my chastity assaile:
Though this no way could haue excus'd my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to assault,
Yet what a thing were this it should be said,
My parents sin should to your charge be laid:
And I haue gaide my liberty with shame,
To saue my life, made shipwracke of my name.
Did Roxborough once vaile her towring fane,
To thy spred ensigne, on the Northern playne?
And to thy trumpet sounding from thy Tent,
Often replide with ioy, and meriment?
And did receive thee as my soueraine liege
Comming to aide, thou shouldest againe besiege,
To raise a foe, but for my wealth that came
To plant a foe, to take my honest name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,

And

And wouldst haue won more then he could haue got:
That did ingirt me ready still to flic,
But thou laidst battery to my chastity:
O modesty, didst thou me not restraine,
How I could chide you in this angry vaine:
A Princes name, (heauen knowes) I do not craue,
To haue those honors, Edwards spouse should haue;
Nor by ambitions lures wil I be brought
In my chast brest to harbor such a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
An Empresse place by mighty Edwards side,
Of all the most vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that should enjoy that place.
But if that loue, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his vertues, and my chast desire:
If it be such as we may iustly vaunt,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady grant:
If it be such as may suppress me wrong,
That from your vaine vnbridled youth hath spong,
That faith I send, that I from you receaue,
The rest vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Trice as a bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two husbands of which shee maketh mention, obiecting
Bigamy against her selfe, as being therefore not meete to bee
married with a bacheler-prince, were sir *Thomas Holland Knight*,
and sir *William Montague*, afterward made Earle of Salibury.

Thus not my fathers graue and reverent yeeres.

A thing incredible that any Prince should bee so vniust to vse
the fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chastity,
though

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though so the history importeth, her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular deserte, though *Polidore* would haue her thought to be *Jane*, the daughter to *Edmund Earle of Kent*, Uncle to *Edward the thirde*, beheaded in the protectorship of *Mortimer* that dangerous aspirer.

And I haue gaignd my liberty with shame.

Roxborough is a Castle in the North, mistermed by *Bandello* *Salisbury Castle*, because the King had giuen it to the Earle of *Salisbury*, in which her Lord being absent, the Countesse by the Scots was besieged, who by the comming of the English army were remoued. Here first the Prince sawe her, whose liberty had beene gained by her shame, had she been drawn by dishonest loue to satisfie his appetite, but by her most praiseworthy constancie she converted that humor in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertues.

The rest unto your Princely thoughts I leane.

Least any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not bee impertinent to annex the opinions that are vitered concerning her, whose name is said to haue beene *Aelips*, but that beeing rejected as a name yknowne among vs, *Froſard* is rather believed, who calleth her *Alice*, *Polidore* contrariwise as before is declared, names her *Jane*, who by Prince *Edward* had issue, *Edward* dying young, and *Richard* the second King of England, though (as he sayth) she was deuorced afterwardes, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry, the truth whereof I omit to discouer, her husband the Lord *Mountague* being sent ouer with the Earle of *Suffolke* into *Flanders* by King *Edward*, was taken prisoner by the French, & not returning, left his Countesse a widow, in whose bed succeeded Prince *Edward*, to whose last and lawfull request the rejoycefule Lady sends this louing answere.

FINIS.

To



To the Right Honourable and
my very good Lord, Edward Earle
of Bedford.



Hrice noble and my gracious Lord, the loue
I hane euer borne to the illustrious house of
Bedford, and to the honourable familie of the
Harringtons, to the which by marriage your
Lordship is happily united, hath long since
devoted my true and zealous affection to your honorable ser-
vice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Lady, your
Countesse: to whose service I was first bequeathed, by that
learned and accomplished Gentleman, Sir Henry Goodere,
(not long since deceas'd,) whose I was whilst he was: whose pa-
tience, pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse
and unstaid youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentle-
man, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by
his death left a poore Orphane to the world, had he not before
bequeathed it to that Lady whom he so dearely loued. Iouch-
safe then my deere Lord to accept this Epistle, which I dedi-
cate as zealously as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, un-
till some more acceptable service may be witnessse of my loue to-
wards your honour.

Your Lordships euer,

Michaell Drayton.

F.

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Queene Isabell to Richard the second.

* The Argument.

Queene Isabell (the daughter of Charles King of France) being the second wife of Richard the second, the sonne of Edward the blacke Prince, the eldest sonne of King Edward the third: After the said Richard her husband was depos'd from his crown and kingly dignitie, by Henry Duke of Herford the eldest sonne of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of Edward the third, this Lady being then very young, was sent backe againe into Fraunce, without doute, at what time the depos'd King her husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a prisoner) unto Pomfret Castle. Whither this poore Lady, bewailing her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epistle from France.

AS doth the yeerely Augur of the spring
In depth of woe, this I my sorrow sing;
Words tun'd with sighs, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauy song;
Words issue forth to find my griefe some way,
Teares ouertake them, and do bid them stay:
Thus whilst one striues, to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too slacke.
O how I flatter griefe, and do intreat it,
Griefe flatters me, so oft as I repeate it.

And

And to it selfe hath sorrow chang'd me so,
That woe is turn'd to me, I turn'd to woe.
If fatall Pomfret, hath in former times,
Nourish'd the griefe begot in hoter Climes,
Thither I send my woes there to be fed,
But where first borne, where fitter to be bred;
They unto France be aliens, and unknowne,
England from her, doth challenge these her owne.
They say, all mischiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth;
And where bleake winters stormes do euert rage,
There should my sighes find surest anchorage,
Except that breeme ayre holds the Northern part,
Do freeze that *Aetna*, which so burnes my hart.
But why should I thus limmit griefe a place,
When all the world is fild with our disgrace?
And we in bound's thus striuing to containe it,
The more abounds, the more we do restraine it.
O how eu'en yet, I hate my loathed eyes,
And in my glasse oft call them faithlesse spies,
That were so haplesse, with one louing looke,
To grace that Traytor, perjur'd *Bullenbrooke*;
But that offense, joy had all sence bereau'd,
They neuer should haue beene so much deceau'd.
Proud was the courser which my Lord bestrid,
When *Richard* like his conquering Grandsire rid,
For all the world, in euery looke alike
The Rosie llands in his Lilly cheek;
His silken Amber curles so would he tie,
So carried he his princely Eagle eye:
From top to toe, his like in euery limb,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

All looke on *Edward*, that did looke on him,
The perfitt patterne Nature chose alone,
Whcn at the first she fram'd proportion,
Reseru'd till then, that all the world should view it,
And praise th' insample by the which she drew it;
O let that day be guilty of all sin,
That is to come, or euer yet hath bin,
Wherin great *Norfolk's* forward course was staid,
To prope the treasons he to *Herford* layd.
When with sterne fury, both these Dukes enrag'd,
Their Gauntlets then at Couentry engag'd,
When first thou didst repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From times vnnumbred howres, let time deuide it,
Least in his minutes he should hap to hidēt:
Yet on his browes let wrinckled age still beare it,
That when it comes all other houres may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets, by consent,
That day may hold their wicked parliament;
And in heauens large Decrees, enrole it thus,
Blacke, dismall, fatall, inauspicious,
For then should he, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbrays* valiant hand haue di'd:
Nor should not now from banishment retire,
The fatall brand to set out Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy state?
A vagabond, and straggling runnagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant exile, this abiected *Caine*:
That with a thousand mothers curses wene,
Mark'd with the brands of ten yeeres banishment,

When

When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding ecchoes ring
The ioyfull shouts that did salute a King;
Thou went'st victorious, crown'd, in triumph borne,
But cam'st subdu'd, vncrown'd, and laugh'd to scorne;
And al those tongues, which tit'led thee their Lord,
Grace *Henries* glorious stile with that great word;
And all those eyes did with thy course ascend,
Now all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like sunnes) be cuermore in sight,
All see the cloudes which do eclipse their light;
Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,
See not the clouds offending others eyes,
And deeeme their noone-tide is desir'd of all,
When all expect cleere changes by their fall.
What colour seemes to shadow *Herfords* claime,
When law and right his Fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That *John of Gaunt*, was illegittimate:
Whom his reputed mothers tongue did spot,
By a base Flemish Boore to be begot,
Whom *Edwards* Eglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the sun.
Where lawfull right and conquest doth allow,
A triple crown on *Richards* princely brow,
Three kingly Lyons beares his bloudy field,
No bastards marke doth blot his conquering shield;
Neuer durst he attempt our haplesse shore,
Nor set his foot on fatall Rauenspore;
Nor durst his slugging Hulks approch the strand,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Nor stoop'd a top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promis'd ayd to bring,
Against their oath vnto their lawfull King;
Against their faith vnto our crownes true bcyre,
Theyr valiant kinsman, *Edmond Mortimer*.
When I to England came, a world of eyes
Were then attending on my faire arise;
When I came backe, those fatal planers frowne,
And all are set before my going downe;
The smooth-fac'd aire did on my comming smile,
But with rough stormes are driven to exile:
But *Bullenbrooke* deuised we thus should part,
Fearing two sorrowes should possesse one hart;
That we should thus complaine our griefes alone,
Least one should liue in two, two liue in one;
Inflicting woe, and yet doth vs denie
But that poore ioy is found in misery.
He hath before diuorc'd thy crowne and thee,
Which might suffice, and not to widow mee;
Nor will one place our pouerty containe,
Which in our pompe, both in one bed haue laine:
Which is to proue (the greatnesse of his hate)
How much our fall, exceedeth our estate.
Nor England first obtaind me by thy loue;
Nor did a kingdome my affection moue,
Before a Crownes sad cares I yet did trie,
Nor thought of Empire, but loues Emperie;
Before I learn'd to sooth a publike vaine,
And thought, to loue, had only beene to raigne.
I woulde to God that princely *Anne of Beams*,
Might stil haue worn the English Diadme.

That

That she whose youth first deck'd thy bridall bed,
Had kept that fatall wreath vpon her head;
Would God she still might haue enjoy'd her roome,
Posset my throne, and I haue had her Toombe:
Or would *Aumerle* had suncke when he betraide,
The complot which that holy Abbot laid;
When he infing'd the oath which he first tooke,
To end that proud vsurping *Bullenbrooke*,
And been the ransome of our friends deere blood,
Vntimely lost, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely mourne our hard estate,
They dead too soone, and we do liue too late.
Death scuers them, and life doth vs inclose,
Their helpe decreased, doth augment our woes;
And though with teares I from my loue depart,
This curse on *Herford* fall to ease my hart;
If the foule breach of a chaste lawfull bed,
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head.
If murtherers guilt with bloud may deeply staine,
Greene, Scroope, and Bushie, die his fault in graine:
If periury may heauens pure gates debar,
Damird be the oath he made at Doncaster;
If the depositing of a lawfull King,
Thy curse condemne him, if no other thing;
If these disloynd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnted, strongly curse him all.
And for the *Pe* cyes heauen yet heare my prayer,
That *Bullenbrooke*, now plac'd in *Richard's* chayre,
Such cause of woe vnto their wiues may be,
As those rebellious Lords haue been to me.
And that proud Dame, which now controlleth all,

And

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And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her sad eyne,
With as salt teares as I haue done for mine:
And mourne for *Henry Hotspur*, her deere sonne,
As I for my sweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, so succourlesse be sent,
Lastly, to taste perpetuall banishment.
Then loose thy care, where first thy crown was lost,
Sell it so deereley, for it deereley cost;
And sith they did of liberty deprivethee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-dive thee.
But hard (God knowes) with sorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much (me thinks) of comfort I could say,
If from my hart pale feare were rid away:
Somthing there is, whichtels me still of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know,
Griefe to it selfe, most dreadfull doth appeare,
And never yet was sorrow void of feare;
But yet in death, doth sorrow hope the best,
And with this farewell wish thee happy rest.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

If at all Pomfret hath in former times,
Pomfret castell ever a fatal place to the Princes of England, &
most ominous to the bloud of Plantagines.

O how enoyt I haue my lashed eyes,
And in my glasse, &c.

When Buttenbrooke returned to England from the West, bringing Richard a prisoner with him, the Queene, who little knewe of her husbands hard successe, stayd to behold his comming in, little thinking

thinking to haue seene her husband thus led in triumph by his foe, and nowe seeming to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortall enemy.

Wherew[er]is great Norfolkes forward course was laid.

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes, of Herford and Norfolk at Couentry, vrging the iustices of Mowbrayes quarrell against the Duke of Herforde, and the faithfull assurance of his victory.

Oh why did Charles reliue his needy stase?

A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French King her father, received the Duke of Herford in his Court, and receiu'd him in Fraunce, being so neerely alied, as Cosin german to King Richard his sonne in Lawe, which bee did simply, little thinking that hee should after returne into England, and dispossesse King Richard of the crowne.

When shou so Ireland took it shy last fare-well.

King Richard made a voyage with his Armie into Ireland, against O'Nell & Mackemur which rebelled, at what time Henry entred heere at home, and rob'd him of all kingly dignity.

Affirm'd by Church-men, (which shou'd beare no base)

That Iohn of Gaunt was illegitimate.

William Wickham, in the great quarrel betwixt Iohn of Gaunt & the Clergy, of meete spight and malice (as it shoulde seeme) reported that the Queen confessed to him on her death-bed, being then her confessor, that Iohn of Gaunte was the sonne of a Flemming, & that shee was brought to bed of a woman child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, and that shee obtained this child of a poore woman, making the King beleue it was her owne, greatly fearing his displeasure. *Foxe's Churc.*
Albani.

No bastards marke dosh blot our conquering shielde.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of Richard, his right unto the Crown of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Against their faish unto the Crownes true heire,

Their noble kinsman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, sonne of Earle Roger Mortimer, which was sonne to Lady Phillip daughter to Lionell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to King Edward the third, which Edmund

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King Richard going into Ireland was proclaymed heire apparent to the Crowne, whose Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lorde Piercie had married.

I wold so God, that princely Anne of Beame,

Richard the second, his first wife was Anne, daughter to the K. of Beame, which liued not long with him; and after hee married this Isabell, daughter to Charles, King of Fraunce. This princesse was very young, and not marriageable when she came first into England.

O wold Aumerle had suncke when he betrayd

The complice which the holy Abbes layd.

The Abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of King Henry, to haue beene done at a Tylt at Oxforde; of which confederacie there was, John Holland, Duke of Excester, Thomas Holland, Duke of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, Mountacute, Earle of Salisbury, Spenser Earle of Gloster, the Bishop of Carlile, Sir Thomas Bluns, these all had bound themselves one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayd by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and Bushie, die his faults in graine,

Henry going towards the Castle of Flint, where King Richard was, caused Scroope, Greene, and Bushie, to be executed at Bristow, as vile persons, which had seduced this King to this lasciuious and wicked life.

Damn'd be the oash he made at Doncaster.

After Henryes exile, at his returne into England, hee tooke his oath at Doncaster vpon the Sacrament, not to claime the crown, or kingdome of England, but onely the Dukedom of Lancaster, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotspur, her deere sonne,

As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragious Henry Hotspur, that obtayned so many victories against the Scottes, which after falling out right with the curse of Queen Isabell, was slaine by Henry, at the battaile at Shrewsbury.

Richard

Richard the second to Queene Jſabell.

What canſt thou looke or hope for frō that hand,
which neither ſenſe nor reaſon could cōmand?
A kingdomſ greatness hardly can he ſway,
That wholesome counſaile did not firſt obey;
I'll did this rude hand guide a ſcepter then,
I'll this rude hand now gouerneſt a pen;
How ſhould I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters cameſ?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
And of that name proud *Bullenbrooke* doth boaſt:
Neuer to haue beene, might ſome comfort bring,
But no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King*.
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which firſt denounc'd my kingly ſtate,
This abieſt mind, which did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the iſtrument to do it,
These all beare witneſs, that I do deny
All worldly hopes, all kingly maiesty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy princely port,
And vndertook'lt to trauaile dangerous waies,
Driuen by aukward winds, and boylſtrous ſeas;
And leſt great *Burben* for thy loue to me,

Who

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Who su'd in marriage to be linck'd to thee,
Offring for dower the Countries bordring nie,
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie,
Didst thou all this, that England should receiue thee,
To miserable banishment to leaue thee?
And in thy ruine, and thy fortunes wracke,
Forsaken here, to Fraunce to send thee backe.
When quiet sleepe (the heauy harts reliefe)
Scales vp my sences, somewhat lesning griete,
My kingly greatnes vnto minde I call,
And thinke that I but dreamed of my fall;
With this conceite, my sorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but withdrawn a while,
And my attendants in some Chamber by,
As in the height of my prosperity.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there,
The Eccho answering, tells me Woe is there.
And when mine armes would gladly thec enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
Which when my waking eyes precisely view,
Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in one houre be,
So many houres each minute seemes to me;
Each houre a day, morne, euening, set, and rise,
Each day a yeare, complet with miseries,
A sommer, winter, spring-time, and a fall,
All seasons varying, yet vnseasoned all;
Hote grieses, cold cares, moist sorrow, scorching hate,
Too long extreames, too short a temperate;
Each yeare a world, from golden ages past,
That hasteth on the yron times at last,

That

That from creation of all happy things,
A dissolution to my fortune brings;
This endlesse woe, my thred of life still weares,
In minutes,houres,daies,months,ages,yeeres.
Joy in the sun, that do possesse the South,
For Pomefret stands heere, in the Norths cold mouth;
There wanton Sommer lords it all the yeere,
Frost-starued Winter doth inhabite heere;
A place wherein Despaire may fitly dwell,
For sorrow best sutes with a cloudy Cell.
Let *Herford* vaunt of our atchieuements don,
Of all the honors that great *Edward* won,
Offamous Cressy, where his keene sword lopp'd,
The flowers of Fraunce, which all had ouer-topp'd;
And with those faire Delices, set the walke,
Where our imperious English Lyons stalke,
Which pluck'd those Lillies, planted on those streames,
And set them heere, vpon the bancks of Thames.
Now *Bullenbrooke*, our conquering Trophies beares,
Our glorious spoiles this false *Ulysses* weares,
And all the story of our famous war,
Must grace the Annals of great Lancaster.
Seuen goodly siens, in one stocke begun,
Seauen liuely branches from one roote did run;
My princely father was the straightest stem,
The fairest blossome which adorned them;
Whose pretious buds began to spring so faire,
As soone they shew'd what fruit they meant to beare,
But I his graft and baraine trunke am growne,
And for a fruitlesse water-bough am hewne,
From our braue Grandfure, both in one degree,

Yet

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Yet after *Edward, John* the yong'st of three:
 But princely Wales, by me giues place to *Gaunt*,
Henry on *Richard* now predominant.
 When that vlerping bastard-sonne of Spayne,
 Depos'd *Petro*, from his peacefull raigne;
 My father mou'd with the Castillians moane,
 Pluck'd downe that proud aspyring *Phaeton*:
 And ere a crowne had yet adorn'd his head,
 A conquered King from France to England led.
 A subiect hand my crowne from me hath borne,
 And by a home-nurst begger ouer-borne.
 Is valour hence with him to heauen fled?
 Or in my barren brest decay'd and dead?
 Who for his vertue and his conquests sake,
 Posterity a demy God shall make:
 And judge this vile and abiect spirit of mine,
 Could not proceede from temper so diuine.
 What earthly humor, or what vulgar eye,
 Now lookes so low, as on my misery?
 When *Bullenbrooke* is seated on our throne,
 And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
 He bids, commaunds, he chooseth, he elects,
 Pardons, defends, he warrants, he protects;
 Into our counsels he himselfe intrudes,
 And who but *Herford* with the multitudes?
 Thus *Bullenbrooke* triumpheth in our fall,
 And for their King reputed is of all.
 His power disgrades, his dreadfull frowne disgraceth,
 He throwes them downe, whō our aduancement placeth;
 As my disable and vnworthy hand,
 Could giue no soueraigne title of command.

He

E P I S T L E S.

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He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
And proues our acts of parliament vniust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by *Richard* once was made.
When *Herford* had his iudgement of exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while,
Saw I the loue, the zeale, the faith, the care,
The Commons still to pleasing *Herford* bare;
Fond women, and scarce-speaking children mourne,
Weeping his parting, wishing his returne.
And was I forc'd t'abridge his banish'd yeares,
When they bedew'd his footsteps with their teares,
Yet could not see mine own insuing fall,
Not seeing that, which else was scene of all.
Neuer our treasure stufst with greater store,
Neuer our strength, neuer our power was more,
Neuer more large bounds to our Emperie,
Neuer more counsaile, wisdome, policie:
Never did all so suddainly decline,
But iustice is the heauens, the fault is mine.
Kings pallaces stand open to let in,
The soothing traitor, and the guide to sin,
Many we haue in triumphs to attend vs,
But few are left in perill to defend vs;
Amongst the most, the worst we best can chuse,
Tis easie to desire, but hard to vse.
Oh famous *Gloster*, thou fore-saw'st my end,
The curse that did my lawlesse youth attend,
His death is new, (and I in sin am old,)
Who my destruction, (Prophet-like) foretold;
And like *Laocan*, crying from his Tower,

Foresew'd

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Foreshew'd the horse which hid the Grecian power.
Is this the thing for which we toyle and sweat?
For which the great, do kneele vnto the great?
Is this the thing, in seeking to attaine?
All paine is pleasure, and all losse is gaine?
Is this the iewell, which we prize so hie?
At heauen, at fame, at life, at liberty;
And vnto this, in striuing to aspire,
Are we made slaues vnto our fond desire?
Yet on steepe Iciebanks here still we dwell,
And if we slip, our fall is into hell.
Sweet Queene, ile take all counsell thou canst giue,
So that thou bid me neither hope nor liue;
Counsell that comes, when ill hath done his worst,
Blesseth our ill, but makes our good accurst.
Comfort is now vnplesing to mine eare,
Past cure, past care; my bed is now my Beere.
Since thus misfortune keepes vs heere so long,
Till heauen be grown vnmindfull of our wrong,
We may in war, som-time take truce with foes,
But in dispaire, we cannot with our woes.
O let this name of *Richard* never die,
Yet still be fatal to posteritie,
And let a *Richard* from our line arise,
To be the scourge of many families,
And let the crowne be fatall that he beares,
And wet with sad lamenting inothers teares.
Thy curse on *Percy*, heauen doth now preuent,
Who hath not one curse left, on me vnspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my store,
As rich in plagues, as I in wealth am poore.

Then

Then cease (deere Queene) my sorrowes to bewaile,
 My wounds too great for pitty now to heale,
 Age stealeth on whilst thou complainest thus,
 My grieves be mortall, and infectious;
 Yet better fortunes, thy faire youth may trie,
 That follow thee, which still from me doth flic.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

This songe which first denounc'd my kingly state,
 Richard the second, at the resignation of the crowne to his Co-
 sin Henry in the Tower of London, at the delivery of the same
 with his owne hand, confestled himselfe to be vnable to gouerne,
 denounced all kingly dignitie; so that hee might onely haue his
 life.

And lef'st great Bourbon for thy loue to mee,
 Who fained in marriage to be linc'd to chee.

Before the Princesse Isabell was married to Richard the second,
 Lewes Duke of Bourbon sued to haue had her in marriage, which
 it was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out
 in the meane time; this Duke of Bourbon sued againe to haue re-
 ceiued her at her comming into Fraunce, after the imprisonment
 of King Richard, but King Charles her father then crost him as be-
 fore, and gave her to Charles sonne to the Duke of Orleanee.

Let Herford vaine of our achiements done,

Henry the eldeit sonne of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
 which at the first was Earle of Darbie, then created Duke of Her-
 ford, but after the death of John of Gaunt his Father, was Duke of
 Lancaster, and Herford, Earle of Darby, Leicester, and Lincolne,
 and after he had obtained the crowne, was called by the name of
 Henry of Bullenbrooke, which is a towne in Lincolneschiere, as
 vsually al the kings of England bare the name of the places where
 they were borne.

Of famous Cressy, where his heire sword lopp'd,

The flowers of Fraunce, which all had overlopp'd.

Remembering the famous victory Edward the third their Grand-
 father
 G.

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Father obtained at Cressy, where were almost slaine al the nobilitie of France, where the Frenchmen lost all their ancient glory.

*And with their Flower-delices ses the walke,
Where our, &c.*

Edward the third, by the conquest of Fraunce, ioyned the Lilies or Flower-delices, which is the Armes of Fraunce, with the Lyons, the Armes of England, which coate first came from Normandy by the Conqueror, remaining in the right of his possession.

Sixen good y syrens from one stocke begyn,

Edward the third had seuen sonnes, his eldest Edward Prince of Wales, after called the blacke Prince; William of Haifelde his second, Lionel Duke of Clarence the thirde; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster the fourth; Edmond of Langley, Duke of Yorke the fift; Thomas of Woodstock Duke of Gloster the sixt, and William of Windlore the seuenth.

My princely Father was the straightest strow.

Truely boasting himselfe, to be the eldest sonne of the eldest brother, which was Edward the blacke Prince.

Yet after Edward, John the yongest of three.

By this disabling Henry Bullenbrooke, beeing the sonne but of a fourth brother, William & Lionel being both before John of Gaunt.

When that usurping bastard sonne of Spaine,

Noting the courage of his father, which set Pedro the King of Castile in his Kingdome, when hee was expulsed by his bastard brother.

A conquered King from France to England led.

The blacke Prince tooke King John of Fraunce prisoner, at the battaile of poysters, and brought him into England, where hee dyed at the Sauoy.

And by a home-marst begger over-borne.

By this reproving his owne weakenes and cowardize, who had suffered himselfe to be expulsed his kingdom by a subiect, and one so much inferior to himselfe in greatness.

And proues our acts of parliaments unius.

In the first parliament that Henry called after Richard had resigned the Crowne, he annhilated all the lawes that were made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the se. ycare of King Richards raigne.

EPISTLES.

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*Saw she loue, she zeale, she fauour, she care,
The Commons still &c.*

When the Combat shoulde haue beeene at Couentry, betwixt
Henry Duke of Herford, and Mowbray Duke of Norfolke, the Cō-
mons mourned exceedingly, after they heard that Herford was
aduised by the King to be banished for tenne yeeres, so greatlie
was he alwaies fauored of the people.

And was I forc'd so abridge his banisht' dyes,

When Henry Duke of Herford came to Eicham to take his leave
of King Richard, the King (to please the Commons rather then for
any loue he bare to Herford,) plucked backe fourre yeeres of his
banishment.

O famous Gloster, shou fore-saw'st the end,

Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of Gloster, the Kinges vncle,
who had oft reprooud this youtiful Kinges insolence, was put to
death at Callice, by the commaundement of this Richard, his vn-
naturall kinsman.

And les a Richard from our line arise,

A prophecie of Richard Crookebacke the Tyrant, which after was
the only scourge and plague of both the houses of Yorke & Lan-
caster, and the death of many great Princes.

FINIS.

Queene Katherine to Owen
Tudor.

* The Argument.

After the death of that victorious Henry the fift, Queen Ka-
therine, the dowager of England and France, daughter to

G 2.

Charles

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Charles the French King holding her estate with Henrie her sonne, (then the sixt of that name,) falleth in loue with Owen Tudor a Welshman, a brane and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrop to the young King her sonne: yet greatly fearing if her loue should be discovered, she Nobilitie would crosse her purpos'd marriage: or fearing, that if her faire and princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and greas attempt might (perhaps) dant the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth: wherefore to b. eake the Ice to her intent, shee wryteth vnto him this Epistle following.

Iudge not a Princeesse worth impeach'd hereby,
That loue thus triumphs ouer maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royll hand,
Which now intreats, that wanted to command;
For in this sort, though humbly now it woe,
The day hath beene, thou wouldest haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this submision of my state,
Proceeds from frailty, (rather iudge it fate)
Alcides were more fit for wars sterne shock,
Then when for loue late spinning at the Rock.
Neuer lesse cloudes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes shape when he couered him;
Jones great commaund was neuer more obay'd,
Then when a Satyrs antick parts he play'd.
He was thy King that sued for loue to mee,
She is thy Queene, that suecs for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his,
Whilst yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giued,

My

EPISTLES.

43

My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Onely in *Henry*, was my *Tudor* then,
Onely in *Tudor*, *Henry* now agen.

Henry wo'd me whilst wars did yet increase,
I wooc my *Tudor* now in calmest peace,
To win affection, he did conquest proue,
And I on conquest do make war with loue:
Great *Henry* sought to accomplish his desire,
Armed with tempests, thunder-bolts of fire,
As once when *Iuno* treasons forced *Juno*,
T'imbbrace the beauteous *Semele*, his loue.

I to my loue, as once the Cyprian Queen,
On *Simois* banks was with the *Troyan* scene.
Incamp't at *Melans*, in warres hot alarmes,
First saw I *Henry*, clad in princely Armes.

At pleasant *Windsore*, therethe these eyes of mine,
Iudg'd *Tudor* first, for wit and shape diuine.
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force,
Tudor at home, with courtship and discourse;
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me best, *Plantaginet* or *Terber*.

A march, a measure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering launce.
His princely bed aduanced my renoune,
And on my temples set a double Crowne;
Which glorious wreath, (as *Henry*'s lawfull heire,)
Henry the sixt vpon his brow doth beare.

At *Troy* in *Champayne* he did first enjoy
My bridall-rites, to England brought from *Troy*;
In England now, that honour thou shalt haue,
Which once in *Champayne* famous *Henry* gaue.

G 3.

I

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

I seeke not wealth, three kingdoms in my power,
If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?
Sad discontent may euer follow her,
Which doth base pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles still could our affections tie,
What is so great but maiestie might buy?
As I seeke thee, so kings do me desire,
To what they craue, thou easily may'lt aspire.
That sacred fire, once warm'd my hart before,
The fuell fit, the flaine is now the more,
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine do proue,
We may hide treasure, but not hide our loue.
And since thy ver'ue this at first did gaine it,
Will I by reason now seeke to restraine it,
Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a King,
Of Grandire, father husband, sonne and brother,
More thou alone to me, then all the other.
Nor thinke so : *uðor*, that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancastrian line,
Nor stir the English bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine at Lorayne, Burbon, Alanson;
Nor do I thinke there is such different ods,
That they alone should counted be for Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly issye reckoning vs,
And they from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Lasonas* of-spring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous Grandfires (as their own) bestrid,
That hoise offame, that *Jove*-begotten steed,
Whose bouding hoofe plow'd that Boetian spring,

Where

Where those sweet maides of memory do sing.
Not only *Henries* Queene, but boast aswell,
To be the child of *Charles* and *Isabell*.

Nor do I know from whence their griefe should grow,
They by this match should be disparag'd so,
When *John* and *Longbanks* issue both astied,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatnesse of your bloud hecreby,
Your race, and royall consanguinity.

And Wales as well as haughty England boasts,
Of Carnilot, and all her Penticolls;
A nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table held a princely place.

If of the often conquests of our Land,
They reare the spoiles of their victorious hand,
If these our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.

When bloudy *Rufus* sought your vtter sack,
Twice entring Wales, yet twice was beaten back.

When famous Cambria wash'd her in the floud,
Made by th' effusion of the English bloud;
And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Worster, Hersford, Chester, Shrewsbury,
Whose power, in euery conquest so preuailes,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.

Although my beauty made my Countries peace,
And at my bridall bloudy warres did cease,
Yet more then power, had not his person beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.

Norooke I *Henry* to supply my want,

Because

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Because in France that time my choise was scant;
When Fraunce had robd all Christendome of men,
And Englands flower remain'd amongst vs then:
Gloster, whose counsels (*Nestor* like) assit
Couragious *Bedford*, that great martia llift;
Clarence, for vertue honour'd of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whose fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke, the pride of *Neuells* haughty race,
Great Salsbury, so fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchieuement dares,
And *Vere* so famous in the Irish warres,
Whom (though I were a mighty Princeffe borne)
Yet of the worst, no whit I need to scorne;
But *Henries* rare perfections, and his parts,
As his sword kingdouns, so those conquer'd harts.
As chast was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chast loue vow'd to threes
Beauty doth fetch all fauor from thy face,
All perfitt courtship refleth in thy grace.
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents breake,
As loue a spirit, forth of thee seem'd to speake.
The Britiſh language, which sweet vowels wants,
And iars so much vpon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As do the sweet notes of a well iet song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Thuskan from the Florantine;
Leauing such seasoned sweetnes in the eare,
As the voyce past, yet still the sound is there:
In Nyses Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden viall vs'd to play;

Where

Where sencelesse stones were with such musick drownd,
As many yeres they did retaine the sound,
Had he which dar'd proud *Perseus* to the field,
Caried my *Tudors* picture in his shield,
The sight thereof shou'd haue subdu'd alone,
That *Georgons* head, which turn'd men to a stonie.
If some should take my *Tudors* louely eye,
And with heauens lights should place it in the skie,
The wandring stars would leauue their endlesse maze,
And fixe themselues, vpon that star to gaze.
If faire *Alcmamas* three nighes-gotten sonne,
When he his twelue great labours firt had done,
Had knowne one lock of thy delicious ore,
Kept by the Dragon, Lyon, Serpent, Bore,
Twelue laborts more for that he would sustaine,
And where he ended, would begin againe.
Yet let not this make thee thy selfe forget,
Nor my affection now so firmly set;
Nor with repulse my forwardnes reproue,
To boast the conquest of a princely loue:
No my sweet *Tudor*, I will answere no,
Thy gentle brow doth mildly warrant so.
When nature shew'd her wonders in thy face,
She made that mount Loues royall sporting place,
Where sweet content doth banquet all the yere,
Nor coy disdaine yet euer dwelled there;
Let peccuish worldlings speake of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they do belong,
Let old men speake of chances and euenes,
And Lawyers talke of titles, and disentes;
Leaue fond reports to such as stories tell,

And

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

And couenants to such as buy and sell,
Loue my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best,
And to our good successe refer the rest.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Great Henry sought to accomplish his desire,
Armed, &c.

Henry the first making clayme vnto the Crowne of France, first
sought by Armies to subdue the French, and after sought by
marriage to confirme what he got by conquest, the heat and fury
of which inuasion, is alluded to the fiction of Semel in Ouid:
which by the crafty perswasion of Isyno, requested Loue to come
vnto her as he was wont to come vnto his wife Isyno, who at her
request he yelding vnto, destroyed her in a tempest.

In camp'd at Melans in wars his alarms,
First, &c.

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the riuier of Seyne, was the appoin-
ted place of parley between the two Kings of England, & France,
to which place, Isabell the Queene of Fraunce, and the Duke of
Burgoyne, brought the young Princesse Katherina, where King
Henry first saw her.

And on my temples set a double Crowne,

Henry the first, and Queene Katherina, were taken as King and
Queene of France; and during the life of Charles the French king,
Henry was called King of England, and heire of Fraunce, and af-
ter the death of Henry the first, Henry the sixt his sonne, then being
very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of
England and France.

At Troy in Champayne he did first enioy,

Troy in Champayne, was the place where that victorious king
Henry the first married the Princesse Katherina, in the presence of
the chiefe nobility of the Realmes of England and of Fraunce.

Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,

Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

None Queens of England, or France, were ever more princely

By alied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Historiographers.

Nor shalke so Tudor shal shis loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gonne-borne, &c.

Noting the descent of Henry her husband, from John Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of Edward the thirde, which Duke John was surnamed Gonne, of the Citie of Gaunt in Flaunders, where he was borne.

Nor stir the Englyssh blood, she Sunne and Moone,
T'repno, &c.

Alluding the greatness of the English line, to Phabius & Phab, fained to be the children of Lassone, whose heauenly kinde might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie; yet withall, boasing the bloud of Fraunce, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno & the race of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of Ninbe slaine, for which the wofull mother became a Rocke, gushing forth continually a fountain of teares.

And John and Longshanks issue, both affied,

Llewellyn, or Iealon ap Iorwerth, maried Ioan, daughter to King John, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme shie was bale borne, Llewellyn ap Gryfish maried Ellenor, daughter to Simon Montfors Earle of Leicester, & Cusin to Edward Longshanks, both which Llewellyns were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilos and all her Pensecofts,
A newnes rume, &c.

Camilot, the auncient Pallace of King Arthur, to which place al the Knights of that famous order yeerely repaired at Pentecost according to the law of the Table, & most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

When bloody Rufus songhs your vsser sacke,

Noting the ill successe which that William Rufus had in two voages he made into Wales, in which a number of his chiese Nobility were slaine.

And of return'd with glorious victory,

Noting the diuers sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England, in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the second, and Longshanks.

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

¶ Owen Tudor to Queene
Katherine.

W Hen first mine eyes beheld thy princely name,
And found from whence these friendly letters came,
As in excesse of ioy my selfe forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not;
My panting hart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazeled eye, invites my tougue to reed;
Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,
My lips which now should speake, are dombe, and kist it,
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my senses so amazed stand:
Euen as a mother comining to her child,
Which from her presence hath beene long exil'd,
With tender armes his gentle necke doth straine,
Now kissing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet excessiue ioy deludes her so,
As still she doubts if this be hers or no;
At length awak'ned from this pleasing dreame,
When passion som-what leaues to be extreme,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meet,
Where euery letter's pleasing, each word sweet.
It was not *Henries* conquests, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came,
For Christian Rhodes, and our religious truth,

To

To great atchieuements first had won my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hither by some poore euent,
But by th'eternall Destinies consent,
Whose vncomprised wisdoms did fore-see,
That thou in marriage should'lt be linck'd to mee,
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)
When first he did of *Tudors* fame diuine,
That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line?
And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* auncient Crest)
With Lillies fetch'd from Fraunce should be possest;
And that our Leeke, (our countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roles, in the English Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, thou the Lilly wear'st,
As *Henries* Queene, the blushing Rose thou bear'st;
By Englands conquest, and by France's oth,
Thou art the true made dowaget of both;
Both in thy crowne, both in thy cheeke together,
Joyne *Tethers* loue to thine, and thine to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it so long hath beene fore-told by fate;
And by the all-disposing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were given.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Juno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not strange euentis diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we should be prosperous.

When

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

When in thy presence I was call'd to daunce,
In loftie tricks whilst I my selfe aduance,
And in my turne, my footing faild by hap,
Wa't not my chance to light into thy lap?
Who woul'd not iudge it fortunes greatest grace,
Sith he must fall to fall in such a place?
His birth from heauen, thy Tudor not deriuers,
Nor stands on typ-toes in superlatines,
Although the eniuious English do devise
A thousand iests of our hyperbolies;
Nor do I claime that plot by ancient deeds,
Where Phœbus pastures his fire-breathing steeds;
Nor do I boast my God-made Grandfires skars,
Nor Giants trophies in the Tytans wars;
Nor faine my birth your princely eates to please
By three nights getting as was Hercules;
Nor do I forge my long descent to run
From aged Neptune, or the glorious sun,
And yct in Wales with them most famous bee,
Our learned Bards do sing my pedigree,
And boast my birth from great Cadmallader,
From faire Cair-Septon, in Mount Palador,
And from Eneons hore, th. South-wales King,
From Theodor the Tudors name do bring.
My royll mothers princely stocke began,
From her great Grandame faire Gwenellian;
By true descent from Leolin the great,
As well from North-wales as faire Powlands seat;
Though for our princely Genealogie,
I do not stand to make Apologie:
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,

Shall

EPISTLES.

48

Shal looke from whence our name at first did rise,
Shall find that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Yndor*, as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of disgrace,
Vsd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our bloud or wrong a Welshmans name,
Which was at first begot with Englands shame.
Our valiant swords, our right did stil maintaine,
Against that cruell, proud, usurping Dane;
And buckled in so many dangerous fights,
With Norwayes, Swethens, and with Muscouits,
And kept our natuie language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue;
When they which now our nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue lost their Country, and their name:
Nor never could the Saxons swords prouide
Our Brittaine necks to beare their seruile yoke,
Where Cambrias pleasant Countries bounded bee,
With swelling Seuerne, and the holy Dee;
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood
The only remnant of the Troian bloud.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,
To be the glorious conqueror of Fraunce;
Yet if my titles may be raisd by thee,
If heauen lay this, heauen saith yet more may be;
And our S. *David* in the Brittaines right,
May ioyne with *George*, the sainted English Knight,
And old Caer-marden, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not scorn'd by London, though of such renoune.
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
Were with my wish, brought to desired end,

Blanc

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Blame me not Madame, though I thus desire,
When Kings do wonder what I do admire;
Shouldst thou but touch swart Melas with thy hand,
His Ierry grauell would be Tagus sand.
Nature to shew more skill in thy curles, stroue,
Then did *Arachne* in the web she woue;
Where thou wilt sit vnto thy Lute to sing,
There shall another faire Pirene spring.
The Gods wish *Hebe* had no other cup,
But thy sweet lip for Nectar when they sup.
The sweet calme odor, thy breath doth respire,
Might coole that all which *Phaeton* set on fire.
Wonder not (Madam) though all eyes do gaze,
When such a Comet doth begin to blaze;
Till now your beauty in nights bosome slept,
What eye durst looke, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durst attempt to saile but neete the bay,
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
But beauty now is set a Princesse prize,
And kings now come to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing ayre,
Oribia makes me that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire, / one once in lightening caine,
And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame.
If in the sun, then sad suspicion dreames,
Phaebus should spred *Lucoshoe* in his beames,
If in a fountaine thou doost coole thy bloud,
Neptune I feare which once caine in a floud;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apollo*s rape,
Who cusned *Chion* in an old wiues shape;
If thou doost banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,

Who

Who in a grape *Erigone* did seed;
And if my selfe thy Chamber dycere should keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a sleepe.
Pardon (sweet *Queene*) if I offend in this,
In these delayes, loue most impatient is:
And youth wants power, his hote spleene to suppresse,
When hope already banquets in excessse.
Though *Henries* fame in me you shall not find,
Yet that which better shall content your mind;
What helps a *Crowne*'s adorning of the head,
When comfort wanteth in a Princely bed?
But onely in the title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let *Queene* trust Welshman for my sake.
Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;
My mounting thoughts, which thus to heauen aspire,
Shewes that my spirit's tuch'd with celestiall fire,
For had it beene of grosse and earthly mud,
It neuer durst presume to such a good;
If loue a fault, the more is beauties shame,
When she her selfe is Author of the same;
All men to one peculiar vice incline,
Onely to loue, is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordaind by heauen, here to adorne the earth,
Ad faithfull loue vnto thy princely state,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.

H.

And

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I cease to write, but never ceas to loue.

Notes of the Chronicle history.

And that the H. tme, the Tudors ancient Crest,
The Armes of Tudor was the Helmes, or mens heads, whereof
he speaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of Merlin.

When in thy presence I was call'd to daunce.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active Gentleman, coman-
ded once to daunce before the Queene, in a turne (not being able
to recouer himselfe) fell into her lap, as shee satte vpon a litle
stole, with many of her ladies about her.

And yet with shew in Wales, most famous he,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, as they call it in the Britiſh tongue, or as weemore
properly ſay Bard, or Bardus be their Poets, which keepe the re-
cords of Pedigrees and deſcents, and ſing aodes and meaſures
to their Harps, after the old maner of the Lirick Poets.

And boast my bloud from great Cadwallader,

Cadwallader the laſt King of the Britaines, descended of the ne-
ble and ancient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell ap-
peared, commaunding him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he
ended his life.

Since faire Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftesbury, at whose building it was
ſayd an Eagle prophecie (or rather one named Aquila) of the
faime of that place, and of the recovery of the Ile by the Britains
bringing backe with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

And from Encons lime, the Sonish-wales King,
From Theodor, &c.

This Epeon was ſlaine by the Rebels of Gwentland, hee was a
noble and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble
acts, and was father to Theodor, or Tudor Mawr, of whome deſcen-
ded the Princes of South-wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenelian.

Guenelian the daughter of Roes ap Griffeth, ap Theoder, Prince of
South-wales,

EPISTLES.

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South-wales, married to *Edmures Vahan*, auncestor to *Open Tudor*.

By true descene from *Leolin the great*,

This is that *Lewhelin*; called *Leolinus magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor shas word Croggen, nickname of disgrace,

In the voyage that *Henry the second* made against the Welshs men, as his souldiors passed *Offas ditch* at *Croggen Castle*, they were ouerthrowne by the Welshmen, which worde *Croggen*, hath since been vsed to the Welshmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honor.

And old Caer Merdin, Merlinis famious sowne,

Caer Merdin, or *Merlins Towne*, so called of *Merlins* being found there; This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, surnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forrest *Calidon*, where he prophecie.

And keps our native Language now shus long,

The Welshmen be those auncient Britaines, which when the *Picks*, *Danes*, and *Saxons* invaded heere, were first driven into those parts, where they haue kept their language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

¶ *Elinor Cobham to Duke
Humfrey.*

* The Argument.

*Elinor Cobham, daughter to the Lorde Cobham of Scer-
borough, & wifeto Huinfrey Plantaginet, Duke of Glo-
cester, the sonne of Henry the fourth, King of England,
surnamed Bullonbrooke; this noble Duke for his greas-
misdomme*

H 2.

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

wisedome and iustice called the good, was by King Henry the fift (brother to this Duke,) as his death appointed protector of the land, during the monage of Henry the sixt; this Eliot Dukes of Gloucester a prond ambitious woman, knowing that if young Henry dyed without issue, the Duke her husband was the nearest of the blood, conspi-
reth with one Bullebrook, (otherwise called Onely a great Magitian) Hun a Priest; and Iourdane Witch of Eye, by sorcerie to make away the King; and by coniuration to know who shoulde succeed. Of this being custly committed she was adiudged to do penance three severall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall banishment in the Isle of Man, from whence she writteh this Epistle.

ME thinks not knowing, who these lines shuld send,
Thou straight turn'st over to the latter end,
Where thou my name no sooner hast espy'd,
But in disdaine my letters cast'st aside;
Why if thou wilt, I will my selfe deny,
Nay, ile affirme, and sweare I am not I;
Or if in that, thy shame thou doost perceiue,
Ile leue that name, that name my selfe shall leue,
And yet me thinks amaz'd thou shouldest not stand,
Nor seeme so much appauled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye
(Long before this,) to sightes of misery;
No, no, read on, tis I the very same,
All thou car'st read, is but to read my shame,
Be not dismayed, nor let my name affright,
The worst it can, is but to offend thy sighte:
It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harme,

It

It is no dreadfull spell, no magique charmes
If she that sent it, loue Duke *Humfrey* so,
Ist possible her name should be his foe?
Yes, I am *Elnor*: I am very fne
Whobrought for dower, a virgins bed to thee,
Though envious *Benford*, slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreys* wanton Paramore;
And though indeed, I can it not deny,
To magique once I did my selfe apply,
I won thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poisning Philtres, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy person did I euer proue,
Those wicked potions, so procuring loue,
I cannot boast to be rich *Holland* heyre,
Nor of the bloud and greatnes of *Bauier*;
Nor *Elnor*, brought thce forraime Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husband followed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* so defile his bed,
Nor wast thou forc'd the scander to supprese,
To send me backe as an adulteresse;
Brabant, nor *Burgoyne*, claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my deuorce,
Nor *Belgias* pompe, defac'd with *Belgias* fire,
The iust reward of her vniust desire,
Nor *Bedfords* spouse, your noble sister *Anne*,
That Princely-issued great Burgunnian:
Should stand with me, to move a womans strife,
To yeeld the place, to the protectors wife.
If *Cobham* name, my birth can dignifie,
Or *Scarborough*, renowne my family:

H 3.

Wher's

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Where's Greenwich now, thy *Emperors* Court of late?
Where she with *Humphrey* held a Princely state.
That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride,
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride;
The Thames, by water when I tooke the ayre,
Dans'd when my Barge was launched from the stayre;
The anchoring ships, that when I pass'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequered tops abroad;
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
To see my pompe, so goddesse like to land,
Should after see me mayld vp in a sheet,
Do shamefull penance, three times in the street?
Rong with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge, before a Beodles wand;
That little babes, not having vse of tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.
Where's *Humphreys* power? where was his great command
Wast thou not Lord Protector of the land?
Or for thy iustice, who can thee deny,
The title of the good Duke *Humphrey*?
Hast thou not at thy life and in thy looke,
The seale of Gaunt, the hand of *Bullenbrooke*?
What bloud extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
Who else, next *Henry* should the Rcalme preser?
Is it allowe of famous Lancaster?
But *Rayners* daughter, must from France be set,
And with a vengeance on our thronc be set;
Mauns, Maine, and Aniou, on that begger cast,
To bring her home, to England in such hast,
And what for *Henry*, thou hadst laboured there,

To

To ioyne the King, with Arminacke rich Heyre,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had beene,
Poole needs must have his darling made a Queene? I
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earleship with a Dukedom grac'd?
And raise the offspring of his bloud to hie,
As Lords of vs, and our posterity.
O that by sea, when he to France was sent,
The ship had sunke, wherein the Traytor went!
Or that the sands, had swallowed her before,
She ere set foot vpon the English shore.
But all is well, nay we haue store to giue,
What need we more, we by her looks can liue?
All that great *Henries* conquests ever heap'd,
That famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe, to *Rayner* all in post, I
And by this meanes, rich Normandy be lost; I
Those which haue comen as mistresses of ouer,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers, I
Which to our Coffers, yeerely tribute brings,
The life of subiects, and the strength of Kings; I
The meanes whereby, faire England ever might
Raise power in France, to backe our ancient right; I
But she brings ruine, here to make abroad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroad, I
And she must recapitulate my shame, I
And give a thousand by-words to my name, I
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, trot,
With all despight that may a woman spot; I
O that I were a Witch but for her sake,
Ifaith her Queenship little rest should take,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

I would scratch that face, that may not feel the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of witchknots in her hayre,
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breast sit like a lumpe of led;
And like a Fayery, pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton bloud is now so cockerd in,
Or take me some such knowne familiershape,
And she my vengeance never should escape:
Weare I a garment, none should need therefore,
To sprinckle me with *Nessus* poisned gore,
It were enough, if she once put me on,
To teare both flesh and sinewes from the bone;
Were I a flowre, that might her sinell delite,
Though I were not the poysning Aconite,
I would send such a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
They say the *Druides*, once liud in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my exile,
Whose powerful channes, such dreadful woders wrought,
Which in the gothish Island tongue were taugh.:
O that their spels to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they raid'd, and calm'd both sea and wind,
And made the mone, pause in her palid spheare,
Whilst her grym Dragons, drue them through the ayre;
Their hellish power, to kill the plowmans steed,
Or to forespeake the flocks as they did feed,
To nurse a damned spirit, with huinaise bloud,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire and floud;
Had I this skill that time hath almost lost,
How like a Goblin, I would haue her ghost.
O pardon, pardon, my too wilfull tongue,

A womans strength,cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the beauens,her comming in withstand,
As though affrighted,when she came to land,
The earth did quake her comming to abide;
The goodly Thame, did twice keepe back her tide,
Paules shooke with tempests, and that mounting spyre,
With lightning sent from heauen was set on fire,
Our stately buildings,to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by these prodigious signes were showne;
More searefull visions, on the English earth,
Than euer were at any death or birth.

Ah *Humphrey*, *Humphrey*, if I should not speake,
My brest would spic, my very hart would breake.
I that was wont, so many to command,
Worse now then with a clapdish in my hand,
A simple mantle, couering me with all,
A very leaper of Cares hospitall,
That from my state, a presence held in awe,
Glad heere to kennell in a pad of strawe;
And like an Owle by night to go abroad,
Roosted all day within an Iuy tod,
Amongst the sea clifffes, in the dampy caues,
In charnell houses, or among the graues:
Saw'lt thou those eyes, in whose sweet chearefull looke,
Duke *Humphrey* once, such joy and pleasure tooke;
Sorrow hath so dispoil'd me of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my *Elnors* face,
Like a foule Gorgon, whose disheveled hayre
With euery blast, flies glaring in the ayre;
Some standing vp, like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like those women, that in Coos are bred;

My

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My lancke breasts hang like bladders left vnblowne,
My skin with lothsome Iaundize ottergrownne;
So pin'd away, that if thou longst to see,
Ruins true picture, only looke on me;
Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a suddaine extasie am mad:
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runs,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nuns,
Or like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Prepar'd vnto a dismall sacrifice.
That Prelate *Benford*, a soule ill befall him,
Prelate said I, nay *Dureil* I should call him;
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amisse,
His very name me thinks my poyson is:
Ah that vile Iudas, our professed foe,
My curse pursue him where so ere he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge those things which neuer were,
I should partake with *Bullenbrooks* intents,
The hallowing of his magique instruments,
That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a Priest;
That it was I, should couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt
To be son of thy braue Grandsire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but faterd of meere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy,
Who if report of Eldertimes be true,
Vnto this day, his father neuer knew.
He that by murtherers blacke and odious cryme,

To

To *Henries* throne attempted once to clyme;
 Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
 A fatall hand his soueraine to haue slaine;
 Who to his chamber closely he conuaid,
 And for that purpose fitly there had laid,
 Vpon whose sword that famous Prince had dyed,
 If by a dog he had not beene discryed.
 But now the *Queene*, her *Minion*, *Poole* and he,
 As it please them, so now must all things be,
 England's no place for any one beside,
 All is too little to maintaine their pride:
Henry alas, thou but a Kings name art,
 For of thy selfe thou art not any part:
 And I pray God, I do not liue the day
 To see thy ruine, and thy Realmes decay,
 And yet as sure, as *Humfrey* seemes to stand,
 He be preseru'd from that vile traitors hand:
 From *Glosters* seat, I would thou wert estrang'd,
 Or wold to God that Dukedom's name were chang'd,
 For it portends no goodnes vnto vs,
 Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey* it is ominous:
 Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
 I wold thou wert heere banished with me;
Humfrey adieu, farewell true noble Lord,
 My wish is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

I sought that dreadfull Sorceresse of Eye.
*E*linor Cobham was accused by some that sought to withstande
 And mislike her mariage with Duke *Humfrey*, that she practised

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taised to give him Philtres, & such poisoning potions, to make him loue her, as she was slandered by Cardinall Benford, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman, against the which Cardinall she exclaimeth in this Epistle in the verle before.

Though envious Beuford slandered me before.

Noting the extreme hate he euer bore her.

*Nor Elnor brings thee forrasine Armies in,
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomyn.*

This was the chiefe and only thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke; that dotingly hee married Iacomyn, or as some call her Iaques daughter & heire to William Baillier Duke of Holland, married before and lawfull wife to John Duke of Brabant then liuing; which after as it is shewed in this verle following,

*Brabans nor Burgoynie claimed me by force,
Nor fide to Rome to hasten my divorce.*

Caused great wars, by reason that the Duke of Burgoynie tooke part with Brabant, against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adiudged to bee delivered backe, to her former husband.

*Nor Bedfords spouse your noble syster Anne,
Thas Princely issyed brane Burgundian.*

John Duke of Bedford, that scourge of Fraunce, and the glorie of the Englishmen, married Anne, syster to the Duke of Burgundy, a vertuous and beautifull Lady, by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in Fraunce; hee broughte great strength to the English nation.

Wher's Greenwich now, thy Elnor's Count of late?

That faire and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, was first builded by that famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remayne an assured monument of his wisdome, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once lined in this Ile.

It should seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called Mona, though nowe distinguished the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey, both which were full of many infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by Agricolas voyage, made into the hithermost Man, described by his sonne in law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition the daughter of barbarisme & ignorance

ignorance, so amongst these Northerly nations, like as is in America Magicke was most esteemed. Druide were the publike ministers of their religion as thoroughly taught in all rites therof; their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude and magnanimity: their abode was in groves and woods whereupon they haue their name; their power extended it selfe to maister the soules of men deceased, and to confer with Ghosts, and other spirits, about the successse of things. Pluarch in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmost British Iles were the prison of twoe not whate Demigods, but it shall not need to speak any farther of the Druides, then that which Lucan doth.

*Es uas barbarico: iussus, moremque, sinistrum,
Sacerdotum, Drudz positis repetitis ab armis.*

Did nos the heauens, her comming in wist and,

Noting the prodigious and fearefull signes that were seene in England, a little be fore her comming in: which Elinor expresseth in this Epistle as foreshewing the dangers which should ensue vpon this vnlucky mariage.

The hallowing of the magique instrumente.

The instruments which Buttenbrooke vsed in his coniurations, according to the deuillysh ceremonies & customs of these vnlawfull arts, were dedicated at a Massie in the Lodge in Harscye Parke, by Southwell, Priest of Westminster.

Having procur'd by hopes of goulden gaine.

This was one of the articles that Duke Humphrey vrg'd against the Cardinall Bensford, that conspired the death of Henry the fift, by couaying a villain into his chamber, which in the night should haue murthered him: But what ground of truth bee had for the same, I leaue to dispute.

Duke

¶ Duke Humfrey to Elinor Cobham.

ME thinks thou shouldest not doubt, I could forget
Her whom so many do remember yet;
No, no, our joyes away like shadowes slide,
But sorrowes firme, in memory abide;
Nay I durst answeare, thou doost nothing lesse,
But maru'd with passion, vrg'd by thy distresse;
No, Elnor no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breast beene resident too long;
Oh when report in every place had spred,
My Elnor was to sanctuary fled,
With cursed Onley, and the Witch of Eye,
As guilty, of their vile conspiracie;
The dreadfull spirits, when they did inuocate,
For the succession, and the Realmes estate;
When Henryes Image, they in waxe had wrought,
By which he should vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did consume away,
His person so, by sicknesse should decay;
Griefe that before, could nere my thoughts controule,
That instant tooke possession of my soule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine own, let that influet me still;
But that before hath taken too sure hold,
Forget it said I: would to God I could.

Of

Of any woe, if thou hast but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart;
I haue no need, of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing else but sorrow.
No my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,
Though thou went'st hence, here still thy woes do stay,
Though from thy husband, thou went' forc'd to go,
Those still remaine, they will not leauue me so;
No eye bewailes my ill, mones thy distresse,
Our griefe the more, but yet our debt the lesse;
We owe no teares, no mourning daies are kept
For those that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hould no obijts, no sad exequies
Vpon the death daies of vnweeping tyes.
Alas good Nell, what shoulde thy paience moue,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord, with a forraine loue:
Thou might'st haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue such store of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
With mutuall griefe, to answe're griefe againe?
Or think'st thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandy woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or carelesly neglect,
Those shewes of loue, that Ladies so respe&t?
In mour'full blacke, was I not scene to go?
By outward shewes, to tell my inward woe:
Nor drery words, were wasted in lamene,
Nor cloudy brow, bewraide my discontent,
Is this the cause, if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceald, more grievous is then ten;
If in my breast, those sorowes sometimes were,

And

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And neuer vtterd, still they must be there,
And if thou know'st, they many were before,
By time increasing, they must needs be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lese,
Let her cast vp, what is receiu'd, what spent;
If I her owne, can she from blame be free,
If she but prove, a stepdame vnto me?
That if I should, wish that proud Bastard striue,
To plead my birth-right, and prerogatiue;
If for my vertues, I had cause to feare it,
Me thinks my true nobility should beare it,
Yet durst I set my pedigree aside,
And by desart, appeale to haue it tride:
Let them report, that most Duke Humphrey hate,
The ceasles care, I had of Henries state,
That in these armes, full safely did him hold,
To take his crowne, yet scarcely nine months old,
Let our successe in France, my counsels shew,
Whose Townes lie wast, before the English foc;
When thrice we gaue, the warlike French the foile,
At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoyle:
Though treason now, in England to be spoken,
The sleepes in France, for England I haue broken;
Though now this tongue, to England forc'd to sue,
Which hath ere now, commandned Englands due.
That robe of Roome, proud Bedford now doth weare,
Such rule and sway, in euery place doth beare;
The croisier staffe, in his imperious hand,
Become the scepter that Controules the land;
That home to England, dispensations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,

And

And for those sums, the wealthy Church should pay,
 The needie commonons onely must defray :
 His ghostly counsels onely do advise,
 The meanes how *Langleys* progenie may rise,
 Pathing yong *Henries* vnaduised wayes,
 A Duke of Yorke from Cambridge house to raise,
 Which after may our title vndermine,
 Grafted since *Edward*, in Gaunts famous line,
 Our true succession falsly to deprive,
 Which they from Clarence onely must deriue,
 Knowing the will olde Cambridge euer bore,
 To reach the garland famous *Henrie* wore.
 With *Gray*, and *Scroope*, when first he laid the plot
 From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got,
 As from the March-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
 Whose title *Glendower* stoutly did maintaine,
 When the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March* and he,
 Had shar'd the land by equall parts in three.
 His Priesthood now sterne *Mowbray* doth restore,
 To stirre the fire that kindled was before:
 That when the Yorkists shall their claime aduaunce,
Norffolke shall lift his proud rebellious launce,
 Against the heires of noble *Herford* bent
 In the reuenge of *Mowbray*s banishment.
 He did advise to let our prisoner goe,
 He giues enlargement to our ancient foe,
 And giues our heires in mariage, that their dowres
 May bring inuasion vpon vs and ours.
 Ambitious *Suffolke* so the helme doth guide,
 With *Bensfords* damned policies supplide
 He and the *Queene* in councell still conser,

I.

How

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How to raise him who hath aduanced her,
But my deare hart, how vainely do I dreame,
And fly from thee, whose sorrowes are my theame?
Loue to my wife, zcale to the Realme deuided,
Whether the more, how hard to be decided?
This, me to that, that, me to this doth post,
Euen as a ball betwixt two rackets tost;
Vnkind, thou kind; Ilouing, and that hatefull,
Iniust, thou iust, I deare, and that ingratefull;
But greater plagues on England cannot fall,
Then England hath to scourge her selfe withall;
Whose slacknesse doth, that sacred league confound,
Once syorre with *Burgoyn*, and great *Sigismond*,
That England might, her want of power supply,
From Bohem, Almaine, and from Burgundy;
Ah would to God thou couldst thy griefe forgoe,
And cast on me the burthen of thy woe,
Or if thou canst resigne, make thine mine own,
Both in one cartridge to be vndergone;
They weepe for joy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We shall exchange when heauen will haue it soe;
We mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne,
And worse then hath beene, we can neuer cast,
Worse cannot come, then is already past,
In all extreames, the only depth of ill
Is that whiich comforts the afflicted still;
Yet well thou maist, thy former state recouer,
Some gentle winds may blow these soule clouds ouer,
For in the thought of those forepassed yeares,
Some new resemblance of old joy appeares.

Mutuall

Mutuall our care, so mutuall be our loue,
 That our affliction neuer can remoue,
 So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
 Wishing thee more, then I my selfe can giue.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle History.

At Agincourt, at Crauant and Verneyle.

The three famous battels, fought by the Englishmen in Frâce:
 Agincourt by Henry the fift, against the whole power of
 Fraunce, Crauant fought by Mountacute Earle of Salisbury, & the
 Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphine of France, and William
 Stuarts, Constable of Scotland: Verneyle fought by John Earle of
 Bedford against the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the
 Nobility of Fraunce; Duke Humfrey an espec. all Counsailor in all
 these expeditions.

That crofier staffe, in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud and haughty Prelate, received his Cardinals hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignity, Henry the fift his nephewe forbad him to take vpon him; knowing his haughty and malitious spirit, vnfite for that roabe and calling.

The meanes how Langleys progenie may rise.

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to be descended of Edmund Langley Duke of Yorke, a yonger brother to John of Gauns, his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the crowne (from Lionel of Clarence, Gauns elder brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

His priesthood now sterne Mowbray dash restore.

Noting the auncient grudge betwene the house of Lancaster and Norfolke, euer since Mowbray Duke of Norfolke was banished for the accusation of Henry Duke of Herford, (after the King of England father to Duke Humfrey) which accusation hee came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the lists at Couentry.

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And gives our heires in marriage that their dowers.

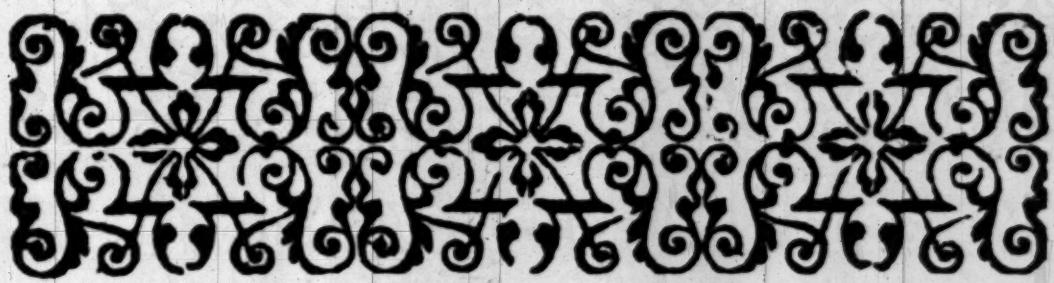
James Stuarts King of Scots, having been long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of John Duke of Somerset; sister to John Duke of Somerset, neece to the Cardinall and the Duke of Excester, and Cosin germaine remou'd to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

Whose slacknes doth that sacred league confound.

Here remembryng the auncient amity which in his Embassies hee concluded betwixt the King of England and Sigismond Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyn into the same league; giuing himselfe as an hostage for the Duke at Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the League.

FINIS.

To



To my honoured Mistres, Mi-
stres Elizabeth Tanfelde, the sole Daugh-
ter and heyre of that famous and learned
Lawyer, Lawrence Tanfelde
Esquier.



Aire and vertuous Mistresse, since first it
was my good fortune to be a witnes of the ma-
ny rare perfections wherewith nature and e-
ducation hane adorned you: I haue been for-
ced since that time to attribute more admira-
tion to your sexe, then euer Petrarch could before perswade
me to by the prayses of his Laura. Sweet is the French tongue,
more sweet the Italian, but most sweet are they both if spoken
by your admired selfe. If poesie were prayselesse, your vertues
alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though a-
mong the barbarous Gotes: by howe much the more your
tender yeeres giue scarcely warrant for your more then wo-
manlike wisdom, by somuch is your iudgement, and reading
the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall hane one more
Sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one
Muse more to the Muses: I rest the humbly denoted seruant
to my deere and modest Mistresse: to whom I wish the happi-
est fortunes I can denise.

Michaell Drayton.

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William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolke, to Queene Margaret.

¶ The Argument.

William de la Pole, first Marques and after created Duke of Suffolke, beeing sent into Fraunce by King Henry the sixt, concludeth a marriage betweene the King his Maister, and Margaret, daughter to Rayner Duke of Aniou: who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ierusalem. This mariage being made contrary to the liking of the Lords & counsel of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding vp Aniou & Maine into the Dukes bands which shortly after pronounced the losse of all Aquitaine,) they euer after contnuallly hated the Duke; and after (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the parliament at Bery: where after bee had the iudgment of his exile, being then ready to depart, bee wryteth backe to the Queene this Epistle.

In my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And Margarets health from Suffolks banishment;
Not one day seemes fwe yecres exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy sight.
Tho'c Sauages which worship the suns rise,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes,
The worlds great light, might'lt thou be scene abroad,
Would

Would at our noon-stead euer make aboade;
And force the poore Antipodes to mourne,
Fearing least he would neuer more retурne.
Were't not for thee, it were my great'st exile
To liue within this Sea-inuironed Ile.

Poles courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great Queene) thy soueraignty commands;
Our Falcons kind cannot the cage indure,
Nor buzzard-like doth stoope to euery lure;
Their mounting brood in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
We all do breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewise one heauen encompaslieth vs all:
No banishment can be to him assigr'd,
Who doth retaine a true resolued mind.
Man in himselfe, a little world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch euer ruling there,
Where euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hor'st alarmes,
That beares against her, *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane, proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my disgrace, at Leicester parliament,
That only my base yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humphreys* name;
And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raise the *Newels* brood.
With *Salisbury* his vile ambitious Syer,
In Yorks sterne brest, kindling long hidden fyre,

By

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL

By Clarence title working to supplant,
The Eagle ayrie of great *John of Gaunt*.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall multitude;
Vrg'd by these envious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he must be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let them call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife;
Who with a Taper walked in a sheet,
To light her shame, at noone through London street;
And let her bring her Nigromantick booke,
That soule hag *Lordane, Hun, and Bullenbrooke*:
And let them call the spirits from Hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died: and who shall raigne.
For twenty yeares and haue I seru'd in Fraunce,
Against great *Charles*, and bastard *Orleance*?
And scene the slaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen;
And haue I scene Vernoylas batfull fields,
Strewd with ten thousand Helmes, ten thousand shields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune tri,
Or Fraunce or England for the victory?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scor'd on my brest in honorable wounds;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of such name,
Under my Ensigne, both first won their fame:
In heat and cold all fortunes haue indur'd,
To rouze the French, within their walls immur'd?
Through all my life, these perils haue I palt,

And

And now to feare a banishment at last?
Thou know'st how I (thy beauty to aduance,)
For thee refus'd the infant Queene of France,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* first did make,
Twixt *Henry*, and the Princeesse *Arminake*;
Only (sweet Queene) thy presence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner*, Aniou, Mauns and Maine,
Thy peerelesse beauty for a dower to bring,
To counterpoize the wealth of Englands King;
And from Aumearle with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th' Embassadors for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spayne,
And telling *Henry* of thy beauties story,
I taught my tongue a Louers oratory,
As the report it selfe did so indite,
And make tongues rauish eares with their delight:
And when my speech did cease, (as telling all)
My lookes shew'd more, that was Angelicall.
And when I breath'd againe, and paused next,
I left mine eyes to comment on the text:
Then coining of thy modesty to tell,
In musicks numbers my voice rose and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater cadences to file,
By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils, and Ierusalem.
And from the Gods thou didst deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kind could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each tytle that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epithite;

Nor

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Nor left him not, till he for loue was sicke,
Beholding thee in my sweet Rhetorick.
A fiftene taxe in France I freely spent,
In tryumphs, at thy nuptiall Tournament;
And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely striuing how to honor thee,
Gau to my King, what thy loue gau to mee.
Judge if his kindnes haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues sake gau away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long ago did sing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
Would ouer-boord haue cast his golden sheepe,
As too vnworthy ballace to be thought,
To pester roome, with such perfection fraught.
The briny seas which saw the ship ensold thee,
Would vaute vp to the hatches to behold ther,
And falling backe, themselues in thronging smother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another:
When the proud Barke, for ioy thy steps to feele,
Scorn'd the salt waues should kisse her furtowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, herselfe she braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the siluer waues;
When like a Bull, from the Phenician strand,
Iose with *Europa*, trypping from the land,
Vpon the bosome of the maine doth scud,
And with his swannish breast cleaving the floud,
Tow'rs the faire fields, vpon the other side,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties, ioyne themselues in one,

To

To shew their glory in thine eye alone;
Which when it turneth that celestiall ball,
A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.
Who iustly saith, mine banishment to bee,
When onely Fraunce for my recourse is free?
To view the plaines where I haue scene so oft,
Englands victorious Ensignes raisd aloft;
When this shall be my comfort in my way,
To see the place where I may boldly say,
Heere mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled,
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Heere stood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*;
Heere *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a stand.
What should we stand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth easily take away:
What fortune hurts, let patience only heale,
No wisdome with extreamities to deale;
To know our selues to come of humaine birth,
These sad afflictions crosse vs heere on earth;
A taxe impos'd by heauens eteruall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prise that at so deere a rate
Whose best assurance is a fickle state.
And needlessse we examine our intent,
When with preuention, we cannot preuent;
When we our selues fore-seeing cannot shun,
That which before, with destiny doth run.
Henry hath power, and may my life dispose,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to lose,

Then

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Then be as metry, (beautious royll Queene)
As in the Court of Fraunce we erst haue beene;
As when arriu'd in Porchesters faire roade,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made aboade)
When in mine armes I brought thee safe to land,
And gaue my loue, to *Henries* royll hand;
The happy howers, we passed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banqueting,
With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* brest,
When he to London brought thee from the West;
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To Westminster, to entertaine his Bride.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Our Faulcons kinde canos she cage indure.

HE alludes in these verles to the Faulcon, which was the ancient deuice of the Poles, comparing the greatness and haughtines of his spirit, to the nature of this byrd.

This was the meane, proud Warwicke did inuen,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwicke meanes,
accused Suffolke of treason, & vrged the accualation so vchemently
that the King was forced to exile him for ffe yeres.

That only my base yeelding up of Maine,
Should be the losse offerable Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke beeing sent into Fraunce to conclude a peace, chose Duke Rayners daughter, the Lady *Margares*, whoim he espoused for *Henry* the sixt, deliuering for her to her father, the Countries of Aniou and Maine, and the City of Mauns. Whereupon the Earle of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himselfe to be mocked, caused al the English men to be expulsed out of Aquitaine, Gascoyne and Guyen.

Wish

EPISTLES.

63

With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke Humfreys name.

This Richard that was called the great Earle of Warwick, when Duke Humfrey was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisbury, his vile ambitious Sire,
In Yorks sterne brest, kindling long hidden fire,
By Clarence title, working to supplant,
The Eagle Ayrie of great John of Gaunt.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of Henry the sixt, claymed the Crowne, (beeing assisted by this Richard Newell Earle of Salisbury, and father to the great Earle of Warwick, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open Parliament as heire to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the thirde, making his title by Anne his mother, wife to Richard Earle of Cambridge, sonne to Edmmond of Langley, Duke of York; which Anne, was Daughter to Roger Mortimer Earle of March, which Roger, was sonne and heire to Edmond Mortimer that married the Lady Phillip, Daughter and heire to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of King Edward, to whom the crowne after Richard the seconds death lineally descended hee dying without issue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaster, that was yōger brother to the Duke of Clarēce. Hall cap. I. Tit. Yor. & Lenc.

Vrg'd by these envious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, and Lorde Protector in the 25. yeare of Hen. 6. by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolk was arrested by the Lord Edmund at the Parliament holden at Berry, and the same night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verse,
To know how Humfrey dyed, and who shall raigne.

In these verses he iests at the Protectors wife, who being accused and conuicted of treason, because with John Hun a Priest, Roger Bullenbrooke a Negromancer, and Margery Jordane called the Witch of Eye, shée had consulted by sorcery to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall prison in the Ile of Man, & to do penance openly in three publique places in London.

For twenty yeares and hane I serv'd in France.

In the 6. yeare of Hen. the 6. the Duke of Bedford being deceasēd

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sed then Lieutenant generall, and Regent of Fraunce: this Duke of Suffolke was promoted to that dignity, hauing the L. Talbot, L. Scaler, and the Lord Mountacute to assist him.

Against greas Charles, and Bastard Orleance.

This was Charles the seauenth, that after the death of Henry the fift obtained the crown of Fraunce, & recovered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleance was son to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the L. Carnies wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant Capraine, was continual enemy to the Englishmen, dailie intelling them with diuers incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyla's basfull fields.

Vernoyle is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of Hen. 6 his raigne, where the most of the French cheualry were overcome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumearle with-drew my warlike powers.

Aumearle is that strong defenced towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great assaults giuen vnto it.

And cause myself in person first to Towers

To Embassadours for truce to entertaine,

From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine.

Towers is a Citty in Fraunce, builte by Brusus as hee came into Britaine, where in the 21. of Henry the 6. was appointed a great dyet to bee kept, whither came the Embassadors of the Empire, Spaine, Hungary and Denmarke to intreat for a perpetual peace, to be made between the two Kings of England and Fraunce.

By true descente so weare the Diadem

Of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem.

Rayner Duke of Aniou, Father to Queene Margares, call'd him selfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of King of thole countryes.

A fifteene taxe in Fraunce I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke after the marriage concluded twixt King Henry, and Margarite Daugter to Duke Rayner, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteene to fetch her into England.

Seene shes for England, but imbarke's as Deepe.

Deepe is a Towne in Fraunce, bordering vpon the Sea where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene Margares tooke ship for England.

As when arrid in Porchesters faire Roads.

Porchester a Haven Town in the South-west part of England,
where the King taried expecting the Queens arruall, whom from
thence he conuoyed to South-hampton.

*Queene Margaret to William de
la Pole, Duke of Suffolke.*

VVhat newes(sweet Pole)look'st thou my lines should
But like the sounding of the dolefull bell? (tell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue.
My brest, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vast and desart wildernes is growne;
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,
On whose breeeme seas, the Icie mountaines floote,
Where those poore creatures banish'd from the light,
Do liue imprison'd in continuall night.
No ioy presents my soules internall eyes,
But diuination of sad tragedies,
And care takes vp her solitary Inne,
Where youth and ioy, their Court did once begin.
As in September, when our yeere resignes,
The glorious sunne vnto the watry signes,
Which through the cloudes lookes on the earth in scorne;
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaues now lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chirripping doth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weepe,
Praysing

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Praysing faire Summer, that too soone is gone,
Or mourning Winter, too fast comming on.
In this sad plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot easē my hart.
Now to our ayde, who stirs the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from Fraunce a puissant Army brings?
Who moues the Norman to assist our war?
Or brings in Burgoyn, to ayd Lancaster?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret thoughts impart?
Whose brest is now the closet of my hart?
The auncient *Heroes* fame thou didst reviue,
And didst from them thy memory deriue;
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Pole* she was too prodigall;
Of so diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him, perfections depth had sought:
Peables and Flints we find in euery path,
The Diamond rich India only hath.
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When thou wert made his sweet-tong'd Orator;
Whose Angell-eyc, by powrefull influence,
Imparteth wonders, passing eloquence,
That when *Jone* wou'd his youthfull sports haue tride,
But in thy shape, himselfe would never hide;
Which in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his shower.
To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heires, and safety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record shall beare it,

He

He will dispence with heauen, and will vnsweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
Is carelesse now how oft he be forsworne;
And now of late his title hath set downe,
By which he claimes the right of Englands Crownes
And now I heare, his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rips vp their descent vnto her brats,
And blesseth them as Englands lawfull heirs,
And ells them that our Diadem is theirs.
And if such hap her Goddessse fortune bring,
If three sonnes faile, she'lle make the fourth a King.
He that's so like his Dam, her yongest Dick,
That foule, ilfaured, crookback'd stigmatick,
That like a carkas stolne out of a Tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
With teeth in's head, his passage to haue borne,
As though he got an age ere he was borne.
Who now dare curbe proude Yorke, if he do rise?
And Itoope that haggard, which so threats the skies?
To crop that bastard weede which dayly growes,
To ouer-shadow our vermillion Rose?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare?
From whose sterne presence all do flic for feare;
Whilest on his knees the silly king is downe,
To sauie their labour, reaching at his Crowne.
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare
His plumed top, aloft into the aire;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowdes,
Whilest in his armes he doth imbrace the clowdes.
But he with error in deuotion led,
Lets others rase the Crowne from off his head:

K.

And

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And (like a woman) sits him downe to weepe,
Where he in armes his kingly right should keepe,
As ill beseeming *Henries* royall sonne,
As when *Alcides* at the distaffe spunne.
O that he should his Fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mightie spirit ;
That field the Westerne worlde with his report,
His glorious conquest got at Agyncourt ;
Whose name to France did greater terror bring,
Then to the soule, the presence of their King ;
Who fill'd the ditches of besieged Cane,
With mangled bodies of our Nation slaine :
And made the Normans eat their horse for food,
Yet staru'd for hunger ; made them drunke with blood.
Nor can he coine from *Lancasters* great line,
Or from the wombe of beautious *Katherine*.
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Dayfie-flower which earst perfum'd the aire,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorks* garlands euerie one is crownd.
Those flattering starres which followed our faire rise,
Now towards our set, are vanish'd from our eyes,
Yorks rising sunnes now altogither shine,
And our light dim, towards euening doth decline ;
Now in the skies his dreadfull comet waues,
And who be starrs, but *Warwicks* bearded stauess ?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow ;
And none like them, pursue me with despite,

■■■■■

■■■■■

Which

Which most haue cryde, God saue Queene *Margarite*.
When fame shall brute thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkish faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Westerne Coast,
O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boast;
And labour straight, by all the meanes she can,
To be call'd home, out of the Ile of Man;
To which I know great *Warwicke* will consent,
To haue it done by act of Parliament,
That to my teeth, my birth she may defie,
Slaundring Duke *Rayner* with base beggery;
The only way she could devise to grieue me,
Wanting sweet *Suffolke* which should most reliue me.
And from that stocke doth sprout another bloome,
A Kentish Rebell, a base upstart groome;
And this is he the White-Rose must prefer,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by *Yorks* meanes, this rascall pesant *Cade*,
Must in all hast, *Plantagines* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke sets all on worke
To sound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
And makes vs weake by strengthening *Ireland*;
More his owne power still seeking to increase,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes should be encreas'd.
Renford, whose shoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall,
The Commons, (bent to mischiefe) never let,
With Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Somerset*,

K.2.

Rayling

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Raising in tumults on his soldiors losse;
Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse.
And now of late, Duke *Hunsfreys* old alies,
With banish'd *Elnors* base accomplices,
Attending their reuenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house;
And I alone the wofull remenant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Pole* haue care how thou dost passe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was;
And one fore-told by *water* thou shouldest die,
(Ah soule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I do see thee tost in dangerous streames;
And oft-times shipwrackt, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand;
And oft in vision see thee in the night,
Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued Target and thy sword,
Beat'st backe the Pyrate which would come abord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious:
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to belieue;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse:
Then liue in hope, in triumph to returne,
When clearer daies shall leaue in cloudes to mourne;
But so hath sorrow girt my soule about,
That, that word *hope* (me thinks) comes slowly out:
The reason is, I know it here would rest,

Where

Where it may still behold thee in my brest.
Farewell sweet Pole, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares do blot as I do write.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Or brings in Burgoyn so ayd Lancaster.

Philip Duke of Burgoyn and his son were alwayes great fau-
rites of the house of Lancaster: howbeit they often dissembled
both with Lancaster and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North-parts in the time of Henry the 6.
withstoode the duke of Yorke at his rising, giuing him two great
ouerthrowes.

To that allegiance Yorke was bound by oath
To Henries heires, and safety of vs both.
No longer now he meanes records shall beare it,
He will dispence with heauen, and will vsweare it.

The Duke of Yorke at the death of Henry the fifth, and at this
Kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true subiect to him, and
his heires for euer: but afterward dispensing therewith, claimed
the Crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three Sonnes faile, shee'l make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure sonnes, Edward Earle of March
that afterwarde was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when
he had deposid Henry the 6. and Edmond Earle of Rutland, slaine
by the Lord Clifford at the battell at Wakefield: and George Duke
of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower: and Richard Duke
of Gloucester, who was (after he had murthered his brothers sons)
King by the name of Richard the third:

He shas's so like his Dam, her youngesst Dicke,
Thas foule iſfanored crookeback'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verſe, As though begot an age, &c.

This Richard (whom ironically the heire calleſ Dicke) that by
treason after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the crowne, was
a man lowe of ſtature, crookeback'd, the leſt ſhoulder much
higher

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higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and sower countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, he was borne toothed, and with his feete forward contrary to the course of nature.

To overshadow our vermillion Rose.

The red Rose was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the white Rose of Yorke, which by the marriage of Henry the seauenth, with Elizabeth indubitate heire of the houle of Yorke, was conioyned and united.

Or who doth marke that unry Beare?

The Earle of Warwickc, the settir vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, and the Ragged staffe.

His glorious conquests at Agincourt.

Agincourt is a Territory in Fraunce, where King Henry the fift discomfired the whole French puissance being 60000, horlemen, besides foote-men and Pages, and flew at the same battell 8000, of their Nobility, Knights, and Gentlemen. And almost all the Princes of France, besides such as were taken prisoners.

Who fill'd the ditches of besieged Caen

With mangled bodies, &c.

Caen is a meruailous strong Towne of Normandy, which after long famine and extreame misery, was yeelded vp to King Henry the fift, who fortifid the Towne and Castle to the vse of the English.

My Dayfie flower which erst perfum'd the ayre,

Which for my favor Princes once did weare, &c.

The Dayfie in French is called Margarete, which was Queene Margarets badge, where-with all the Nobility and chiualty of the Land at the first arriuall were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of honor.

And who be stirs his Warwicks bearded staves?

The ragged or bearded staffe was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earle dome of Warwicke.

Slandering Duke Rayner with base beggery.

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene of his own charges to send her into England though he gaue no dower with her

her: which by the Dutches of Gloucester was often in disgrace cast
in her teeth.

A Kentissh Rebell, a base upholder Groome.

This was *Lacke Cade* which caused the Kentish-men to rebell in
the 28. yeare of *Henry the 6.*

And this is he she white Rose must prefer,

By Clarence daughter march'd as Mortimer.

This *Lacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to
be descended from *Mortimer* which married *Lady Phillip*, Daugh-
ter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes us speake by strenghtning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke beeing made Deputy of Ireland, first there
began to practise his long pretended purpose, strengthning him-
selfe by all meanes possible that he might at his return into Eng-
land by open warre, to claime that which so long hee had priuily
gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester unimely dieras'd.

Henry Bedfورد Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, Sonne to
John of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelat,
fauoring mightily the *Queene*, and the Duke of Suffolke, conti-
nually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene
Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With France's upbraid she valiant Somerset.

Edward Duke of Somerset, in the 24. of *Henry the 6.* was made
Regent of Fraunce, and sent into Normandy to defend the Eng-
lish Territories against the French invasions, but in short time he
lost all that King *Henry the fifth* won, for which cause the Nobles
and the Commons ever after hated him.

Tendre these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

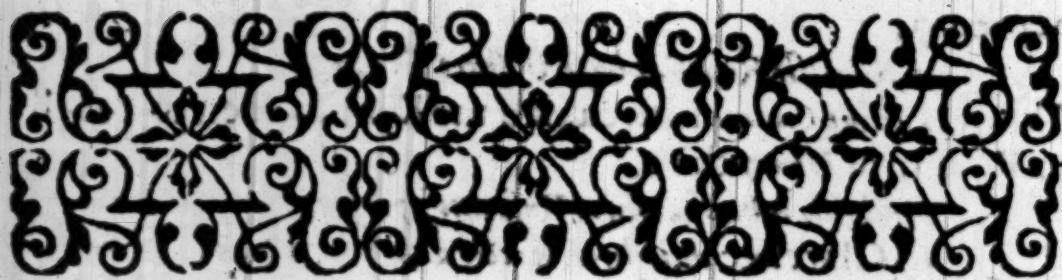
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the
Queenes Faction, in the time of *Henry the sixt.*

And one foretold by water shew shoulde die.

The Witch of Eye received answere by her spirit, that the Duke
of Suffolke shoulde take heede of water; which the *Queene* for-
warnes him of, as remembraunce the Witches prophecie, which af-
terward came to passe.

FINIS.

ENGLANDS HEROICAL



To the Right Worshipfull Sir
Thomas Mounson, Knight.

(. . .)

SIR, amongst many which most deservedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last, whose endeavours may make knowne how highly they esteeme of your noble and kind disposition: let this Epistle Sir (I beseeche you) which unworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest, (though much lesse deserving) which for your sake do honor the house of the Mounsons. I know true generosity accepteth what is zealously offered, though not ever deservingly excellent, yet for loue of the Art from whence it receiveth resemblance. The light Pagan harmony stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion: both haue their motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kind acceptance of my labour shall give somelife to my Aduse, which yet bournes in the uncertainty of the generall censure.

Michaell Drayton.

Edward

Edward the fourth to Shores wife.

¶ The Argument.

This Mistresse Shore, King Edward the fourths beauteous paramore, was so called of her husband a Goldsmith dwelling in Lumbard street. Edward the fourth, sonne to Richard Duke of Yorke, after he had obtained the crowne by deposing Henry the sixt, (which Henry was after murthered in the Tower by Richard Crookebacke) and after the battell fought at Barnet, where that famous Earle of Warwick was slaine, and that King Edward quietly possessed the crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beauty of the aforesaid Shores wife commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable beauty, as not long after he robbed her husband of his dearest jewel; but first by this Epistle he writeth unto her.

VNto the fair'st that ever breath'd this ayre,
From English Edward to that fairest faire;
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of Shore,
To countermaund a Monarchs high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire.
O why should Fortune make the Citty proud,
To give that more then is the Court allow'd?

Where

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Where they like (wretches) hoard it vp to spare,
And do engrosse it, as they do their ware.
When fame first blaz'd thy beauty heare in Court,
Mine eares repulslit, as a light report,
But when mine eyes saw what mine eare had hard,
They thought report too niggardly had spard;
And strooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then she had words to utter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is possest,
When I enuy that Shore should so be blest,
When much abundance makes the needy mad,
And having all, yet knowes not what is had;
Into fooles bosoms this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilst the miser sleepes.
If now thy beauty be of such esteeme,
Which all of so rare excellency deeme,
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a kingly state?
Which being now but in so meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in lead,
Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,
Or garnished with rich enameling;
The sparkling luster of the stone is spilt,
If that the beauty be not shewd in gilt.
When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to see thee, in a strange disguise,
Passing thy shop, thy husband cals me backe,
Demaunding what rare iewell I did lacke?
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And one (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He cals for Caskets forth, and shewes me store,

But

But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curst him that he did deny it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
Whose sparkling radiance shadowed but thine eye,
Would not my treasure serue, my Crowne should go,
If any iewell could be prized so;
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphyre, but so azur'd, as thy vaines;
My kingly scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if judgement could esteeme it.
How fond and sencelesse, be those strangers then,
Who bring in toyes to please the English men.
I smile to thinke how fond th' Italians are,
To iudge their artificiall Gardens rare,
When London in thy cheeks can shew them heere,
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeare;
The Portugall, that only hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest India in,
When happy Shore can bring them forth a gerle,
Whose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Christall from the frozen maine?
When thy cleere skins transparence doth surpassie
Their Christall, as the Diamond doth glasse.
The foolish French, which brings in trash and toyes,
To turne our women men, our gerlest boyes,
When with what tire thou doost thy selfe adorne,
That for a fashion only shall be worne;
Which though it were a garment but of hayre,
More rich then robe that euer Empresse ware.

Me

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Me thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To set his plate to sale when thou art by;
When they which do thy Angell-locks behold,
Like basest drosle do but respect his gold;
And wish one haire before that massy heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape:
And for no cause else, hold we gold so deare,
But that it is so like vnto thy hayre.
And sure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuse but flout
Such as would find the great Elixar out,
And laugh to see the Alchimists, that choke
Themselues with furnes, and wast their wealth in smoke,
When if thy hand but touch the basest mould,
It is conuerted vnto purest gold,
When theirs is chaffet'd at an easie rate,
Well knowne to all to be adulterate;
And theyrs, no more when it by thine is set,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Iet.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnto meet,
If there were none, thou could'st make all things sweet.
Thou comfort'st sence, and yet all sence doost wast,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taft;
Thou a rich shipp, whose very refuse ware,
Aromaticks, and precious odors are.
If thou but please to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenes of the same would'st proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And those which by, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand.
A thousand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,

Do

E P I S T L E S.

71

Do wish for day, but to enjoy thy sight;
And when they once haue blest their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect else, what ere they see,
So like a Goddesse beauty still controules,
And hath such powerfull working in our soules.
The Merchant which in traffique spends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a dainty wife,
The blunt-spoke Cynick, poring on his booke,
Sometime (aside) at beauty loues to looke.
The Church-man, by whose teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloody souldior which in Armes doth toile,
With beauty yet content to share his spoile,
The busie lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth in beauty yet there is some ease;
The toyling trades-man, and the sweating Clowne,
Would haue his wench faire, though his bread be browne;
So much is beauty pleasing vnto all,
To Prince and peasant, one in generall:
Nor neuer yet did any man despise it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Unlearn'd is learning, artlesse be all Arts,
If not employ'd to praise thy seuerall parts;
Patre plodding scholemen, they are far too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axiom's go,
He must be still familiar with the skies,
Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes;
And by that skill which measures sea and land,
See beauties world, thy wast, thy foot, thy hand,
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as yet are strange and new;

And

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which neuer were discouered before:
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vsing alone Arithmetickes strong ground,
Nuibring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when these all haue done what they can do,
For thy perfections all too little too.
But leauing Arts, what should I say thou art?
But of each Goddesse thou a better part,
From *Iris* white, thy red, vermillion, bleu,
Thy skin, thy lip, thy cheeke, thy vaines pure hew;
But those in her, together mixed bee,
But all distinct, and leuall in thee.
From beautious *Ceres*, thy soft-swelling brest,
Those orient grapes giue nectar, being prest;
Thy similes from *Venus*, but such similes of ioy,
As when she laughs vpon her little boy;
Thy caridge, from maiesticke *Iuno*'s gate,
Which giues delight for all to wonder at.
When from the East the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to seeke thee all the world about,
Within thy Chamber hath she fixt her light,
Where but that place, the world hath all been night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should see loue banquet in her maestey?
We decine those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but meane, although most excellent;
For strangers still the streets are swapt and strowd,
Few looke on such as daily come abroad;
Things much restraint, doth make vs much desire them,

And

And beauties seldome seene, makes vs admire them.
 Nor is it fit a Citty shope should hide,
 The worlds delight, and natures only pride,
 But in a Princes sumptuous gallery,
 Hung all with Tissuе, flor'd with Tapestry;
 Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shalt see,
 The tylts and tryumphs that are done for thee.
 Then know the difference (if thou list to proue)
 Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue;
 And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st the troth,
 Be thou thy selfe vnpartiall Judge of both;
 Where harts be knit, what helps if not enjoy?
 Delayes breed doubts, no cunning to be coy.
 Whilſt lazie Time his turne by tariance serues,
 Loue still growes sickly, and hope daily starues.
 Meane while receive that warrant by these lines,
 Which princely rulē and soueraignty resignes;
 Till when, these papers by their Lords command,
 By me shall kisse thy sweet and dainty hand.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

This Epistle of Edward to Shores wife, and of hers to him being of vnlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of historicall notes, for had he mentioned the many battailes betwixt the Lancastrian faction and him, or other warlike daungers, it had beene more like to Plauins boasting Souldiour then a kingly Courtier. Notwithſt anding it shall not be amisse to annexe a line or two.

From English Edward to the faireſt faire.

Edward the fourth was by nature very chivalrous and very amorous, applying his sweet and amiable aspect to attain his wan-

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

son appetite the rather, which was so well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their enteruiew invited him to Paris, that as *Commaeus* reporteth, beeing taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian dames with their wittie conuersation, would detaine him longer then should bee for his benefit, by which means *Edward* was disappointed of his journey: and albeit Princes whilst they liue haue nothing in them but what is admirable, yet we neede not mistrust the flatterie of the Court in those times, for certain it is that his shape was excellent, his haire drew neer to a black, making his faces fauor seeme more delectable. Though the smalnesse of his cies full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelines, so it argued much sharpnes of vnderstanding, and crueltie mingled therewith. And in dede *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and other Princes of those times, with affectation of tyrannie, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.

•*Edwards* intemperate desires, with which hec was wholie ouercome, howe tragically they in his offspring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouer-sight, that rather leauue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How fillie is the Polander and Dane

To bring vs Christall from the frozen maine.

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Christall to be a kind of ice, and therefore it is likely they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Christall be ice or some other liquour, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall there may bee such an induration, for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Regions a yellow jelly is taken vp out of the Sea at low tides, which he calls *Succinum*, wee Amber: so likewise out of the Ligustick deepe, a part of the Mediterranean Sea, a greenish stalke is gathered, which hardened in the airc becomes to be coral either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Marialis* Epigram.

*Estas, & luce Phæthonside condita guisa,
Vt video ampi nectare clausa suo,*

Dignum

*Dignum et onus premium sulis ille laborum,
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.*

To beholde a Bee inclinde in Elecnum, is not so rare as that a Boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Icesickle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. lib. 4. He calles it *Phaeonis gusa*, because of that fable which Quid rehearseth, concerning the *He-liades*, or *Phaeons* sisters metamorphozed into thole trees, whose gusa is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.

¶ The Epistle of *Shores* wife, to
King *Edward* the fourth.

AS the weake child, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his maisters curious listning eare;
Whose trembling hand, at euery straine bewraies,
In what doubt he, his new set lesson playes;
As this poore childe, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Country fields that range,
Nor scene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes,
Oft haue I heard my beauty praisd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to find out that,
Which vulgar sights do sildome wonder at,

L.

Makcs

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beauty, sildome stoopes report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
What swan of great *Apollos* brood doth sing
To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
O what immortall Poets lugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oit haue I wondred what should blind your eye,
Or what so far seduced Majestie,
That hauing choise of beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most to choose this least of mine?
More glorious sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beside;
Who takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish;
Who doth fiequent our Temples, walks, and streets,
Noting the sundry beauties that he meets,
Thinks not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her store?
As heauen and earth were lately falne at iars,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping stars.
That if but some one beauty should incite,
Some sacred Muse, some rauisht spirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages should his lines admire;
Gathering the honny from the choysest flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Heere in this Garden (onely) springt the Rose,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,

That

That might incite some soule-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to raile vpon our sex;
To pranck old wrincles vp in new attire,
To alter natures course, proue time a lyer,
Abusing fate, and heauens iust doome reverſe,
On beauties graue to set a Crimson hearse;
With a deceiſfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glaſie to ſeeme a Diamond.
Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantasticke French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
Nor waſt, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boaſts how witleſſe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignity?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to loue belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others gleane, where he had reapt before;
And he dares ſweare that I am true and iuft,
And ſhall I then deceiue his honest truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to affaile,
Wherē Strongeſt battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repulſd the reſt,
To leaue a King the conqueſt of my breaſt,
Or haue thus long preſeru'd my ſelue from all,
A Monarch now ſhould glory in my fall.

L 2.

Yet

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Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
Then live to draw such sinne-polluted breath;
But our kind harts, mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,
And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbear,
By signes, by sighes, by motions, and by teares, (praiers,
When vowes should serue, when othes, when smiles, when
What one delight our humors most doth moue,
Only in that you make vs nourish loue.
If any naturall blemish blot our face,
You do protest it giues our beauty grace;
And what attire we most are vs'd to weare,
That (of all other) excellent' st you sware;
And if we walke, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one Deitie;
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer sounding in our eare;
An' yet so shamelesse when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beauty, and on vs:
Romes wanton *Ovid* did those rules impart;
O that your nature should be help'd by Art.
Who would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
In forc'd by loue, so Poet-like should faine?
To say that beauty, Times sterne rage to shun,
In my cheeke Lillies hid her from the sun;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and heere she broke her day,
And swear' st that Summer still is in my sight,

And

And but where I am, all the world is night:
As though the fayr'st, ere since the world began,
To me, a sun-burnt, base Egyptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(Oh would to God you knew it not too well)
That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publiquely not flattering their own praise.
Our churlish husbands, which our youth enioyd,
Who with our dainties haue their stomacks cloyd,
Do loath our smooth hand with their lips to feele,
Tenrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our command to waite, to send, to go,
As euery houre our amorous seruants do;
Which makes a stolne kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe;
When he all day torment vs with a frowne,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe;
Whose rude iunbracement, but too ill beseemes,
Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty limmes;
And yet still preaching abstinence of meat,
When he him selfe, of euery dish will eat.
Blame you our husbands then, if they deny
Our publique walking, our loose liberty,
If with exception still they vs debar,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the smooth-tongu'd Poets Syren vaine,
Sporing in his lasciuious Comick scene:
Or the young wanton wits, when they applaude
The sliue persuasions of some subtile Baude,
Or passionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-sicke passion on the stage;

L3.

When

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare, and inward griefe,
Knowing ritch prizes loonest tempt a theefe.
What sports haue we, whereon our minds to set?
Our dog, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field;
Small is the pleasure that those toyes do yeeld,
But to this griefe, a medicine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet liberty;
And soueraignty; (ô that bewitching thing.)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King:
And more, that honour which doth most inuice
The holiest Nunne, and she that's nere so nice.
Thus still we striue, yet ouer-come at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women strength:
Yet grant, that we, could meaner men resist
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseþ not my sight;
That his imbraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cause, I to my selfe am strange:
Thy comming, is my full, thy set my change.
Long Winter nights be minutis, if thou heare;
Short minutes if thou absent be a yeare.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me loue, eu'en in the midst of hate.

Notes

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores admired wife.

Two or three poems written by sundry men, haue magnified this womans beauty: whome that ornament of England and Londons more particular glorie, Sir Thomas Moore verie highly hath prayled for her beauty, she beeing aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, & each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue scene of hers, was such as shee rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a ritch mantle cast vnder one arme ouer her shoul-der, and sittynge in a chaire on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where shee was borne is not certainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right good person, wealth, and behauour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. Richard the third causing her to do open penance in Paules Churchyard, commanded that no man should releue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treason the more cunningly.

. May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side Ric an Hauen-towne dooth stand. Heereof the excellent English Anti-quarie Master Camden, and Master Lamber in his perambulation do make mention, and Marishes are commonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the Sea, and from the Latin worde are so denominated. Isis is heere vsed for Thamesis by a Senec-dochicall kinde of speech, or by a Poeticall liberty in vsing one for another, for it is said that Thamesis is compounded of Tame, & Isis, making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a City much more renowned then that water: which beeing plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all thinges else are plentifull therein. Moreouer I am perswadcd that there is no Ri-uer

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

uer in the worlde beholds more stately buildings on eyther side cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on eyther side are so gorgous.

That might incite some faule-mouch'd Mantuan.

Mantuan a paitoral poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inveicith against woman-kind, some of the which by way of an Appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantastick and insolent humors of many of that sexe deserve much sharper phisick, were it not that they are grown wiser, then to amende, for such an idle Poets Speech as Mantuan, yea, or for Euripides himselfe, or Senecas inflexible Hippolitus.

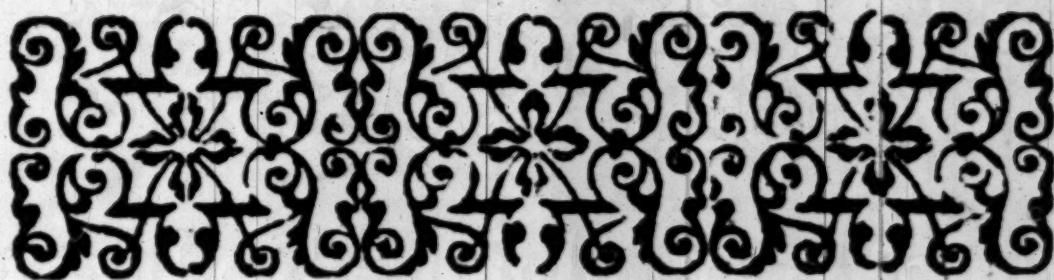
The circuit of the publicke Theater.

Onid, a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectary, calls that place Chastities shipwracke, for though Shores wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humor of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praysle of modesty then of such liberty. Howbeit the Vestall Nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie, though they offending therein were buried quicke: a sharpe law for them, who may lay as Shore's wife doth,

*When though abroad restraining us to Rome,
They very hardly keeps us safe at home.*

FINIS.

¶ To



To the Right Worshipfull
Henry Goodere, of Powlesworth
Esquire.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my
being with you at your lodging at London in May last,
brought at length to perfection, (emboldned by your
wonted fauors) I aduertise to make you Patron of. Thus
Sir you see I haue adventured to the world, with what like or
dislike, I know not, if it please (which I much doubt of) I pray
you then be partaker, of that which I shall esteem not my least
good: if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griefe, if it please
you to allow but of my loue: howsooner, I pray you accept it as
kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestacions,
yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honor. I haue vntill
such time as I may in some more larger measure make known
my loue to the happy & generous family of the Gooderes, (to
which I confess my selfe to be beholding to, for the most part
of my education) I wish you all happiness.

Michaell Drayton.

Marie

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Mary the French Queene, to
Charles Brandon, Duke of
Suffolke.

¶ The Argument.

Mary, the daughter of that renowned Prince king Henry the seauenth, beeing very young at her Father's death, after by her brother King Henry the eight, was giuen in mariage to Lewes King of Fraunce, being a man old and decrepit; This faire and beautifull Lady, long before had placed her affection on Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolke, a braue and couragious yong Gentleman, and an especiall favorite of the King her brother, and a man raised by him. King Lewes, the husband of this beautifull Queene, lynes not long after he was married: and Charles Brandon having commission from the King to bring her backe to England, but beeing delayed by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writteh this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to Fraunce.

Such health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee,
Such health frō France, Queene Mary sends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'ſt thou excuse to stay,
And know'ſt how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkind) what would an Oceāndo?

Leander

Leander had an Helleſpont to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His barke (poore soule) his brest, his armes, his oars:
But thou a shyp, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleasant fields of famous Picardie,
Where our faire Callice, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the clifſie Douer stands.
Heere is no Boldame Nurse to poute or lower,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor need I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swimm'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe so kind,
Thy sighes ſhould ſtuffe thy ſailes, though wanting winds;
But thy brest is becalm'd, thy sighes be slack,
And mine too ſtiffe, and blow thy broad ſailes back.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the flood,
Because the wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood;
Nay blame it not, it did ſo roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou walſt ſo ſlow:
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely lett'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt haue wasted hether with the tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not *Brandon* thou haſt broke thy vow:
Yet if I ment to frowne, I might be dombe,
For thiſ may make thee ſtand in doubt to come,
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, haue care thy ſhip to guide;
Come my ſweet hart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his louely Queen

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In sad attire for my depart were scene,
The vtmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'st what woe I suffered for thy sake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'st with what a heauy hart
I tooke my farewell when I should depart:
And being shupp'd, gaue signall with my hand,
Up to the Cliffe where I did see thee stand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples viue,
But cried to thee, sweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little infant that hath lost,
The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
Weary with seeking, to some corner creepes,
And there (poore soule) it sits it downe, and weepes;
And when the Nurse would faine content the mind,
Yet still it mournes for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
When as the ship out of the road did flie.
Think'it thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young *Castile* to England su'd for mee?
Be iudge thy selfe, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empyre for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didst reuell with thy King,
When he in tryumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapy,
Entred proud Tournay, which did trembling stand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his endercements, how I ioy'd?
But see, this calme was suddainly destroy'd,

When

When *Charles* of Castile there to banquet came,
With him his sister that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys proud Dutches, knowing how long she,
By her loue sought to win my loue from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
When in King *Henries* Tent of cloth of gold,
Shee often did thee in her armes enfold;
Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthony*;
Where sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in Masks you pass'd away the night:
But thou wilt say, tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are ialous.
I must confessle, tis oft found in our seze,
But who not loue, not any thing suspects?
True loue doth looke with pale suspitions eye,
Take away loue, if you take ialousie.
When *Henry*, Turwyn, and proud Tournay won,
Little thought I the end when this begun;
When *Maximilian* to those wars adrest,
Ware Englands Crosie on his imperiall brest,
And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
And had his pay from *Henries* treasury,
Little thought I, when first began these wars,
My marriage day should end these bloudy iars;
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *Woolscys* wit was wrought,
To his aduise the King gaue free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgins right, thy state could not aduaunce,

But

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But now enriched with the dower of Fraunce;
Then, but poore *Suffolk's* Dutches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowger, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy grieve doth lie,
Lewes of Fraunce had my virginitie: :
He had indeed, but shall I tell thec what,
Beleeue me *Brandon*, he had scarcely that;
Good seeble King he could not do much harme,
But age must needes haue something that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) do quench that heatles fire,
When all the strength is only in desire.
And I could tell (if modesty might tell,)
There's soinwhat else that pleaseth Louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my foster cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurse,
And it content, she never a whit the worse;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that make thee stowne,
For mayden-head he, on my head set a Crowne,
Who would exchange a kingdome for a kisse?
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fivemonths yet elder then I was.
When thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
Installed at *S. Dennis* in my throne,
Where *Lewes* held my coronation;
Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take;
When as the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my sight;

And

And spake aloude, when I my selfe forgot,
Tis my sweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not,
But when I feard the King perceiued this,
Good silly man, I pleasd him with a kisse;
And to extoll his valiant sonne began,
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man:
And when (poore King) he simply praised thee,
Of all the rest I ask'd which thou shouldest be?
Thus I with him, dissembled for thy sake,
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old King vpon a pallet lyes,
And only holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stolne away,
Which might too well their Mistres thoughts bewray.
But when I saw thy proud vncrowned Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of Fraunce,
To see what pleasure did my soule imbrace,
Might easily be discerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a Damaske-Rose,
How through that clearest pearle his blushing shewes,
And when the soft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From those sweet leaues fals easily drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, down rayning from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, another roome supplies.
Before mine eye (like Touch) thy shape did proue,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But since by others I the same do trie,
My loue condemns my too too partiall eye.
The pretious stone most beautifull and rare,
When with it selfe we only do compare,
We deeme all other of that kind to be,

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As excellent as that we only see;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we do condemne our eye,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimnes,borrowing greater light.

Alarsoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vaundom, g vd cartridge, and a pleasing eye,
Yet wants my *Suffolks* Lyons maiesty;
Couragious *Burbon*, a sweet manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longawle*, our Court iudg'd had no peere,
A man scarce made (was thought) whilst thou wast heere.
County S. Paule, brau't man at Armes in Fraunce,
Would yeeld himselfe a Squire to beare thy Launce;
Galleas and *Bouarme*, marchlesse for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue couch'd in fight.
If with our loue my Brother angry be,
Ile say for his sake I first loued thee;
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe so kind.
Should not the sister like as doth the brother,
The one of vs should be vnlike the other.
Worthy my loue, the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor thinke that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I passe not what the idle Commons say,
I pray thee *Charles* make haste, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is Fraunce, if thou not heere?

Thy

Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
 But at thy presence I must needly smile.
 When last of me his leauē my *Brando* tooke,
 He sware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
 He would make haste, which now thou doost denie,
 Thou art forsworne, ô wilfull periury.
 Sooner would I with greater sinnes dispence,
 Then by intreatie pardon this offence.
 But yet I thinke, if I should come to shrieue thee,
 Great were the fault that I should not forgiue thee,
 Yet wert thou here, I should reuenged be,
 But it should be with too much louing thee.
 I that is all that thou shalt feare to taſt,
 I pray thee *Brandon* come; sweet *Charles* make haſt.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle History.

The uermſt date expired of my flay,
 When I from Douer did depart awaie.

King Henry the 8. with the Queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeere
 of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this Lady
 to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for France.

Thinke ſhou my lone was faſthfull vmo thee,
 When young Castile to England ſued for me,

It was agreed and concluded twixt Hen the 7. and Phillip King
 of Castile, Sonne to Ma. Amilian the Emperour, that Charles eldeſt
 Sonne of the ſaid Phillip, ſhould marry the Lady Mary, Daughter
 to King Henry, when they came to age: which agreement was af-
 terward in the 8. yeere of Hen. the 8. annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victory
 Under a rich embrodered Canap,
 Enſured proud Turnay which did trembling ſtand, &c.

M.

Henry

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Henry the 8. after the long siege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon composition, entered the Citty in tryumph, vnder a Canapy of cloth of gold, borne by fourt of the cheefe and most noble Citizens: the King himselfe mounted vpon a gallant Courier barded with the Armes of England, France, and Ireland.

*When Charles of Castile there to banke came,
With him his sister that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys prouid Dutches.*

The King beeing at Tournay: there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Lady Margaret Dutches of Sauoy his Sister, to whom King Hen. gaue great entertainment.

*Sauoys prouid Dutches knowing how long she
By her loue sought to win my loue from me.*

At this time there was speech of a marriage to be concluded, betwenee Charles Brandon then L. Isle, & the Dutches of Sauoy, the L. Isle being highly fauored, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries Tent of cloth of gold.

The King caused a rich Tent of cloth of gold to bee erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutches: and entertained them with sumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboade.

*When Maximilian to those wari address,
Wore Englands Crosse on his imperiall brest.*

The Emperour Maximilian with all his souldiours, which serued vnder King Henry, wore the crosse of Saint George, with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Army let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vsed for the displaying of his ensigne or standard.

And had his pay from Henries treasury.

Henry the 8. at his wars in France, retained the Emperour and all his Souldiours in wages, which serued vnder him during those warres.

But this alone by Wolseys wit was wrought.

Thomas Woolsey, the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincolne, a man of great authoritic with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the cheefe cause that the Lady Mary was married to the olde French

French King, with whom the French King had dealt vnder hand to betriend him in that match.

*When the proud Dolphin for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at Tyt his princely part to take.*

Fraunce Duke of Valoys, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the mariage of the Lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a lusts, where he chose the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques Dorses for his aydes, at all Martiall exercisles.

Galeas, and Bounarme matchles for their myght.

This County Galeas at the lusts ranne a course with a Speare, which was at the head 5. inches square on euery side, and at the Butt 9. inches square, whereby hee shewed his wonderous force and strength. This Bounarme, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the same time came into the field armed at all points with 10. Spears about him: in each stirrop 3. vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, & putting his horse to the careere, neuer stopped him till he had broken euery stiffe. *Hall.*

¶ Charles Brandon Duke of Suf-
folke, to Mary the French
Queene.

But that thy faith commands me to forbear,
The fault thine owne, if I impatent were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time thy louing lines to reed.

Heere in the Court, Camclion like I fare,
And liue (God knowes) of nothing but of ayre;
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And starue mine eares to heare of my dispatch;
If Douer were th'Abydos of my rest,

M 2.

Or

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Or pleasant Callice were my *Maries* Cest,
Thou shouldest not need, faire Queene to blame me so,
Did not the distance to desire say no;
No tedious night from trauell should be free,
Till through the waues, with swimming vnto thee,
A snowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-stayned way,
The restlesse sunne by trauailing doth weare,
Passing his course to finish vp his yere.
But Paris locks my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine;
Of thy firme loue thou putst me still in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him wast made King *Lewis* bride,
How oft I wish'd that thou a prize inights be,
That I in Armes might combat him for thee,
And in the madnes of my loue distraught,
A thousand times his murther haue fore-thought;
But that th' all-seeing powers which sit aboue,
Regard not mad mens, oathes, nor faults in loue;
And haue confirm'd it by the graunt of heauen,
That louers finnes on earth should be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe so much distrest,
As he that loues to see his loue possest.
Comming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away my hart,)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne, and desolate,
In whose faire walkes thou often hast beene scene,
To sport with *Katherine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,

Altonish ing

Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,
As for thy sake, the day hath put backe night;
That the Byrds thinking to approch the spring,
Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing:
So oft I go by Thames, so oft returne,
Me thinks for thee, the Riuier yet doth mourne,
Who I haue seene to let her stremme at large,
Which like a Hand-mayd waited on thy Barges;
And if thou hapst against the floud to row,
Which way it ebd before, now would it flow,
Letting her drops in teares fall from thy oares,
For ioy that she had got thee from the shoares.
The siluer swans, with musicke that those make,
Ruffing their plumes, come glyding on the lake,
As the fleet Dolphins, by *Arions* strings,
Were brought to land with inusicks rauishings;
The flocks and heards that pasture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food;
And sat down sadly, mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.
When as the Post to England, royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
How in a storime thy well rigg'd shyps were lost,
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew twas *Venus* loth'd that aged bed,
Where beauty so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view thy Nauy now in launching out,
Her ayrie mantle loosly doth vnbind,

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Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wasted thy sayles with speed vnto the land,
And runs thy ship on Bullins harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriu to heare?
But as a poore sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd,
By some vnpytting Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbor, and in health;
Enriched with inualuable storc,
For which he long hath trauailed before.
When thou to *Abuile* held'st th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thec on the way;
Where thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appear'dst vnto him, like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy virgine traine,
In beauty sumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formost glorious star,
Which lead'st the teame of that great Wagoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I do thinke,
When thine eyes tasted, what mine eares did drinke?
A Cripple King layd bedrid long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the dore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which boards it vp but only to behold,
Still looking on it with a icalous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie;

O Sacrilege, (if beauty be diuine,)
The prophane hand should tuch the halowed Shrine.
To surfe sicknes on the sound mans dyet,
To rob Content, yet still to haue vnquiet,
And hauing all, to be of all beguilde,
And yet still longing like a little child.
When Matques *Dorset* and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchase fame first crost the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my associates went,
In honor of thy nuptiall turnament,
Thinkest thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride?
When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride;
Where all the streets as thou didst pace along
With Arras, Bisse, and Tapestry were hong;
Ten thousand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
In rich attyre thy princely selfe to guard;
Next them three thousand choise religious men,
In golden vestments followed them agen;
And in precession as they came along,
With *Himeneus* sang thy marriage song.
Then fve great Dukes, as did their places fall,
To each of these, a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
Whilst the Parisian Dames, as thy trayne past,
Their pretious Incence in abundance cast.
As *Cintbia* from the waue-embatteld shrouds,
Opening the west, comes streaming through the clouds,
With shining troupes of siluer-tressed stars
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers,
And all the lesser lights about her throne,

With

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With admiration stand as I xkers on;
Whilst she alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her spheare doth glide,
When on the tilt my Horse like thunder caine,
No other signall had I but thy name,
Thy voice my Trumpet and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
That large-lim'd Almaine of the Gyants race,
Which bare strength on his brest, feare in his face,
Whose sinewed arnes, with his steele-tempered blade,
Through plate and male, such open passage made,
Upon whose might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day,
Thou saw'st thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Offring his shielf a conquer'd i poile to thee.
But thou wilst say, (perhaps) I vainly boast
And tell thee that, which thou already know'st,
No sacred Queene, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry:
One of thy tressed Curles which falling downe,
As loth to be imprisoned in thy Crowne,
I saw the soft ayre sportively to take it.
To diuers shapes and sundry fornes to make it,
Now parting it to four, to three, to twaine,
Now twisting it, and then vntwist againe;
Then make the thrcds to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle, for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling down as though a star had shot,
My vp-tuind eye pursues it with my sight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

Tis

Tis but in vaine, of my descent to boast,
 When heauens Lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
 Faulcons looke not, the Eagle sitting by,
 Whose broode doth gaze the sunne with open eye;
 Else might my bloud find issue from his force,
 In Bosworth plaine, beat *Richard* from his horse;
 Whose puissant Armes, great *Richmond* chose to weeld,
 His glorious colours, in that conquering feeld;
 And with his sword in his deere soueraignes sight,
 To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right.
 Then beautious Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
 Shall be the euen to a joyfull day;
 Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
 Wise-men must giue place to necessity;
 To put backe ill, or good we must forbear,
 Better first feare, then after still to feare.
 Twere ouer-sight in that at which we ayme,
 To put the hazard on an after game;
 With patience then let vs our hopes attend,
 And till I come, receaue these lines I send.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

When Longauile so Mary was affed.

THE Duke of Longauile which was prisoner in England, vpon
 the peace to be concluded between England and France, was
 deliuered, and married the Princesse Mary for Lewes the French
 King his maister.

*How in a storne shynel-ridgships were soff,
 And shou, &c.*

As the Queene layled for Fraunce, a mighty storne arose at
 Sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, and was leuered, some
 driven vpon the Coast of Flaunders, some on Brittaine: the ship
 wherein

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wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen
with very great danger.

When shou to Abuile heldst th' appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neare to the Forrest of Arders,
and brought her into Abuile with great solemnity.

Appeardst unse him like the Queene of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene and her train,
attended by the chefe of the Nobility of England, with 36. La-
dies all in cloath of Gluer, their Horses trapped with Crimson
veluet.

A cripple King laid bedrid long before.

King *Lewes*, was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the
goute, so that he had had of long time before little use of his legs.

When Marques Dorset and the valiant Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolke, when the proclamation came into Eng-
land, of his to be holden in Fraunce at Paris, he for the Quens
sake his Mistres obtained of the King to go thither: with whome
went the Marques Dorset and his soure Brothers, the Lord Chyn-
son, Sir Edward Newill, Sir Gyles Capell, Tho. Cheyney: which went
all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When shou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her
coronation performed at Saint Denis.

Then fise greas Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alansoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Saf-
folke, with fise Cardinalls.

That large-lim'd Almayne of the Gyants race.

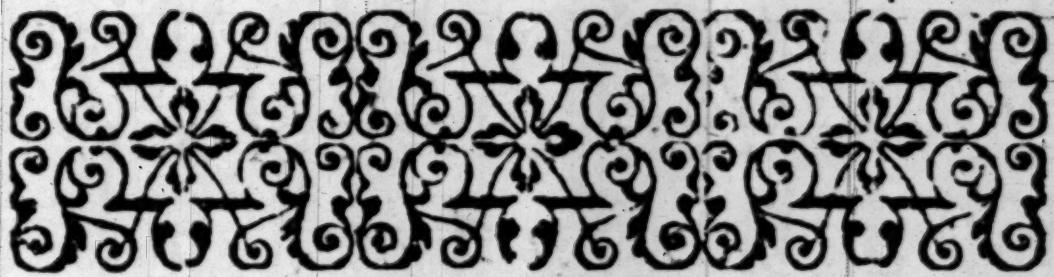
Fauncis Valoys, the Do!phin of Fraunce enuying the glory, that
the English-men had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almaine
secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which
incountred Charles Brandon at Barriers, but the Duke grapping
with him, so beate him about the head with the pomell of his
sword, that the bloud came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my bloud find issue from his force,

In Bosworth. &c.

Sir William Brandon standerd-bearer to the Earle of Richmond
(ascer Henry the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue & gallant Gentle-
man: who was slaine by Richard there; this was Father to this
Charles Brandon after Duke of Suffolke.

F I N I S.



To my most deare friend Mai-
ster Henry Lucas, sonne to Edward
Lucas Esquier.

SIR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your
kind parents, far (I must truly confesse, aboue the mea-
sure of my desarts: many there be in England of whom
for some particularity I might iustly challenge greater
merit, had I not beene borne in so euill an houre, as to be poi-
soned with that gaule of ingratitude: to your seife am I en-
gaged for many more curtesies then I imagined coulde ever
haue beene found in one of so feweyeares: nothing doe I more
desire then that those hopes of your towards and vertuous
youth, may proue so pure in the fruit as they are faire in the
bloome: long may you live to their comfort that loue you most;
and may I euer wish you the increase of all good fortunes.

Yourseuer,

Michaell Drayton.

Henry

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to Geraldine.

* The Argument.

Henry Howard, that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with Geraldine; descended of the noble family of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady; & one of the honorable maydes to Queen Katherine Dowager: eternizeth her prayses in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inventions: and after some few yeares, being determined to see that famous Italy, the source and Helicon of al excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence - from whence the Geraldis challenge their descent, from the ancient family of the Geraldis: there in honor of his mistresse he aduanceth her picture: and ch.allenges to maintain her beauty by deedes of Armes against all that durst appear in the lists, where after the proofe of his brave and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this Epistle to his doorest Mistris.

From learned Florence, (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble Grandsires came,
To famous England that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heauenly Geraldine,
Yet let not I buscar thinke I do her wrong,

That

That I from thence write in my nativē tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so neere the Muses sacred spring,
But rather thinke her selfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the *Thuscans*, I the smoothnes grant,
Our dialect no maiesty doth want,
To set thy prayses in as hie a key,
As Fraunce, or Spayne, or Germany, or they.
That day I quir the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bente;
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
.My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to conuay me one sigh backe to thee,
Up to the decke a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips;
Into the gulfe it selfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a post to England-ward it goes;
As I sit wondring how the rough seas stird,
I might far off perceiue a little bird,
Which as she faine from shore to shore would flie,
Hath lost her selfe in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The seas, of life sti'l gaping to bereaue her:
Vnto the ship she makes which she discouers,
And there (poore foole) awhile for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pineon fayles,
Panting she hangs vpon the ratling fayles,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,

And

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

6

And tost with flawes, with storms, with wind, with wether
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither,
Now with the Poope, now with the Prow doth beare,
Now on this side, now that, now heere, now there,
Me thinks these stormes, should be my sad depart,
The silly helpleſe bird, is my poore hart,
The ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
That is your ſelſe, (regardles of my cares)
Of euery ſurge doth fall, or waue doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and mortalize.
When for thy loue I left the Belgick ſhore,
Divine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whose happy preſence gaue me ſuch delight
As made a minute of a winters night;
With whom a while I stayd at Roterdaine,
Now ſo renowned by *Erasmus* name;
Yet euery houre did ſeeme a world of time,
Till I had ſene that ſoule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands vnfite,
A watry ſoyle to clog a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy Germany I paſt,
Comming vnto the Emperors Court at laſt,
Great leaſnd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
Who the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſſe my *Geraldine* did ſhew,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou couldſt noſt ſleepe,
By a watch Taper ſet thy light to keepe;
I do remember thou didſt read that ode,
Sent backe whiſt I, in Thanet made abode,
Where as thou camſt vnto the word of loue,

Euen

Euen in thine eyes I saw how passion stroue;
That snowy lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy cheeke looke red,
Thy rosy cheeke, oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawne so white;
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to see thy eye so bright;
Thine eye againe supplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames doth make the Taper burne;
The shrugging ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clouded curles,
And as it doth ascend, it straight doth cease it,
And as it sincks it presently doth raise it;
Canst thou by sicknes banish Beauty so?
Which if put from thee knowes not where to go;
To make her shif, and for her succor seeke,
To euery riueld face, each banckrupt cheeke,
If health preseru'd, thou beauty still doost cherish,
If that neglected, beauty soone doth perish.
Care, drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine,
If liue, or die, as thou doost, so do I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One hart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both,
If *Howards* bloud, thou houldst as but too vyle,
Or not esteem'd of *Norfolks* Princely stile;
If Scotlands coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lyon plac'd in our bright siluer bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish bloud discolored Floden field;

When

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

When the proud *Cheniot* our braue ensigne bare,
As a rich iewell is her icy hayre,
And did faire *Bramstons* neighboring valies choke,
With clouds of Canons, fire-disgorging smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earledome insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heyres,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs:
By Princes, my immortall lines are song,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tong;
The little children when they learme to go,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my sugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet lips season'd with my verse;
When heauen would striue to do the best she can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man;
Then all her power she in that worke doth spend,
When she a Poet to the world doth send,
The difference rests, betwixt the gods and vs,
Allowd by them: is but distinguishd thus,
They giue men breath, men by their power are borne,
That life they giue, the Poet doth adorne,
And from the world when they dissolve mans breath,
They in the world do giue man life in death;
When time shall turne, those Amber curles to gray,
My verse againe shall gild, and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autume giue a summers hue;
That sacred power, that in my Inck remaines,
Shall put fresh bloud into thy witherd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteres dead,

Shall

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red;
When thy dim sight thy glasse cannot discry,
Thy crazed mirrhor cannot see thine eye;
My verse to tell, what eye, what mirrhor was,
Glasse to thine eye, an eye vnto thy glasse,
Where both thy mirrhor and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'lt, in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both, shall tell the simple truth,
What that in purenes was, what thou in youtch.
If Florence once should lose her old renowne,
As famous Athens, now a fisher Towne,
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
Which great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to build againe those walls,
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truly were inspir'd.
And famous *Wyat* who in numbers sings,
To that enchanting *Thracian Harpers* strings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke,
A bowle of Nectar fild vnto the brincke,
And sweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muses kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilste he slept,)
In sacred verses (so diuinely pend,)
Vpon thy praises euer shall attend.
What time I caine vnto this famous Towne,
And made the cause of my artiuall know'ne,
Great *Medices* a list (for Triumphs) built,
Within the which, vpon a Tree of gilt,

N

With

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

(With thousand sundry rare deuises set,

I did erect thy loutly counterfeit,
To answe those Italian Dames desire,
Which dayly came thy beauty to admire.

By which my Lyon in his gaping lawes
Holdeth my Launce: and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare,
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.

Which when each manly valiant arme assayes,
After so many braue triumphant dayes,
The glorious prize vpon my Launce I bare,
By Heralds voice proclaim'd to be thy share;
The shiuered staues here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounteris past at euery shock,
When stormy courses answered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Upon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And sacrific'd as ensence to thy fame.

Where, as the Phenix from her spiced fume,
Renues her selfe in that she doth consume,
So from these sacred ashes liue we both,
Euen as that one Arabian wonder doth;
When to my chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines.

Of Honidon where those sweet celestiall cyne,
At first did pierce this tender brest of mine;
Of Hampton Court, and Windsore where abound,
All pleasures that in Paradice were found,
Neare that faire Castell is a little groue,

With

With hanging rocks all couered from aboue,
Which on the bancke of louely Thames doth stand,
Clip'd by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the sunne forbear,
And checks those proud beames that would enter there,
Whose leaues still muttering as the ayre doth breath,
With the sweet bubbling of the stremme beneath,
Doth rocke the fences whilſt the ſmall birds ſing,
Lulled a ſleepe with gentle murmuring,
Where light-ſoote fayries ſport at pryon base,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place,
There the loſt popler and ſmooth beech do beare,
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots do curiouſly entwinc,
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*,
O let this groue in thatſ time yet to come,
Be call'd the louers bles'd Elizium,
Whither my loue, was wonted to reſort,
In ſummers heat, in thoſe ſweete ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundry names I haue it giuen,
And cald it *Beauty Hyder, Couer heauen*,
The rooſe where beauty her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whose compaſſe all the ſtares do ſleepe.
There is one Tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rynd,
When Geraldine ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,
Fan her ſweet trefles with perfunmed ayre,
Let thy large boughes a Canapy be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſuncke,
And ſbon no ſap nor pith ſhall more retaine,

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Eu'n from the dust of thy unwieldy Trunck,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed roote will bring,
A new borne Stem, another Æsons spring.
I find no cause, nor iudge I reason why,
My Country should giue place to Lombardy;
As goodly flowers on Thamisis do grow,
As beautifie the banks of wanton Po;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich Aruns strand,
By siluer Sabrine tripping hand in hand,
Our shades as sweet, though not to vs so deare,
Because the sunne hath greater power heare,
This distant place but gives me greater woe,
Far off, my sighes the farther haue to go.
Ah abscence why, thus shouldest thou see me so long?
Or wherefore shouldest thou offer time such wrong?
Summer so soone, shoulde steale on winters cold,
Or winters blasts, so soone make summer old?
Loue did vs both with one selfe arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure shoulde be the like,
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some powerfull medicine to withdraw the dart,
But mine is fix'd, and absents phisick proued,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I go,
By my next letters Geraldine shall know,
Which if good fortune shall my course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect,
Till when I leue thee to thy harts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Notes

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

From learned Florence long time rich in fame.

Florence a City of Thuscan, standing vpon the riuers Arnu, celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other, the most noble wits of Italy, was the originall of the familie out of which this Geraldine did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the Earle of Surreys.

From Thuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was sometime her ancient seat,
The Westerne ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambers cliffs, did giue her liuely heat.

Great learn'd Agrippa so profound in Arts.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for magick (which the booke published by him, concerning that argument do partly proue) as in this place needes no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions, so in the honor of so rare a gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall so noble a Poet) (a qualitie by which his other titles receiue their greatest luster) inuention may make somewhat more bould with Agrippa aboue the barren truth.

That Lion set in our bright siluer bend.

The blazon of the Howards honourable armour was Gules betweene sixe crosseless Fitches a bend Argent, to which afterwardes was added by a chiuement, In the Canton point of the bend an escutcheon OR, within the Scottish tressure a Demision rampans Gules, &c. as M. Camden now Clarenceaux from authority noteth. Never shal time nor bitter enuy bee able to obscure the brightness of so great a victory, as that for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland George Buchanan reporteth that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a siluer Lion (which from antiquity belonged to the name) tearing in peeces A Lion prostrate Gules, & withall that this which he termes insolency was punished in him and his posterity, as if it were fatall to the conquerour to do his soueraign such losse as a thousand such severe censurers were never able to performe.

N3.

Since

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

Since Scottis sh blood discolor'd Flodden field.

The battell was fought at Bramstone neere to Flodden hill being a part of the Cheuior, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bignesse, in which the wilful perury of James the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King Henry the eight (then in France before Tournay) for the defence of his realme.

Nor beares our Stanhope, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that Lady, hee himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, retusing to daunce with him, which hee seemeth to alegorize vnder a lyon & a wolfe. As of himselfe he saith

A Lyon saw I late, as white as any snow.

And of her,

I might perceiue a Wolfe as white as whalles bone,
A tamer beast, of fresher huc, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lankes were coy, and froward was her gracie,
And famous Wyat who in numbers sings.

Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides, certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey vpon some of Davids Psalmes by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Iepulcher,
To Wyat Psalmes shall Christians purchase then,
And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus.

What vertues rare were tempreid in thy brest?
Honour that England such a lewell bred,
And kiste the ground whereas thy corps did rest.

At Honsdon where those swes celestall cyne,
It is manifest by a sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady was at Honsdon.

Honsdon did first present her to mine cyne.

Which sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, I doe alledge in divers places of this glosse, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampson Count, and Windsor where abound,
All pleasures, &c.

That he injoyed the presence of his faire and vertuous mistris, in those two places, by reason of Queen Katherines vnuall aboard there, (on whom this Lady Geraldine was attending) I prove by these verses of his.

Hampson

EPISTLES.

92

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor alas doth chalme from her sight.

And in another sonnet following.

When Windsor walls sustaing my wearied arme,
My hand my chin to ease my restles head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to
Paradice, an elegy may proue, where he remembreth his passed
pleasures in that place.

With a Kings sonne my childish yeares I pass'd,
In greater feast then Priamus sonne of Troy.

And againe in the same elegy.

Those large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue,
With eyes cast vp vnto the maidens Tower,
With easie sighes, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same.

The stately seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantnes of the place, the veries of his may re-
stifie in the same elegy before recited.

The secret groves which we haue made resound.

With siluer drops the meades yet spred for ruch.

As goodly flower by Thames do grow, &c.

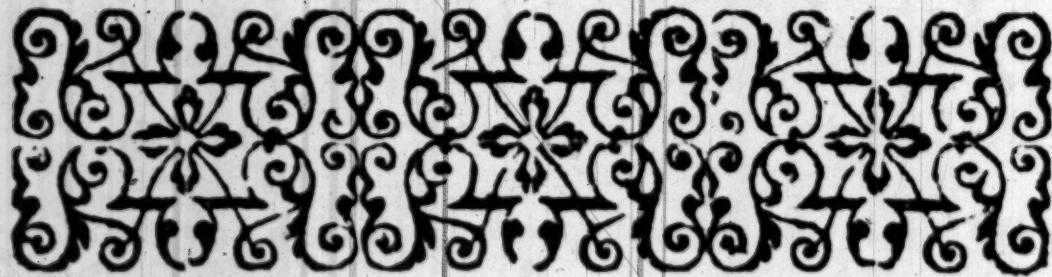
I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames be-
ing so oft remembred by me before in sundry other places on this
occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I judge
either to bee done by the said Earle or Sir Frauncis Bryan: for the
worthines thereof I will heere insert, which as it seemes to me
was compiled at the Authors being in Spaine.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy stremes,
Turn'st vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with Ipur and sayle go seeke the Thames,
Against the sun that shewes her wealthy pride:
And to the Towne that Brusus sought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leanes her lusty side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty Ione, for this the winds me giue.

FINIS.

To

ENGLANDS HEROICAL



To the modest and vertuous
Gentlewoman, Mistres Frauncis Goodere,
Daughter to Sir Henry Goodere Knight,
and wife to Henry Goodere
Esquier.

MY very gracious and good Mistres, the loue and
duty I bare to your Father whilſt hee laved nowe
after his decease is to you hereditary: to whome
by the blessing of your birth hee left his vertues.
Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you what so
ever good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whom I bo-
nored so much whilſt hee laved: which you may iustly challenge
by all lawes of thankefullnes. My ſelfe hauing been a witnes of
your excellent education, and mild diſpoſition (as I may ſay)
euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epiftle of this vertuous
and goodly Lady to your ſelfe: ſo like her in all perfection, both
of wiſdom and learning: which I pray you accept till time ſhall
enable me to leaue you ſome greater monumēnt of my loue.

Michaell Drayton.

The

The lady Jane Gray to the Lord Gilford Dudley.

* The Argument.

After the death of that vertuous yong Prince King Edward the sixt, the sonne of that famous King Henry the eight, Jane, the daughter of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolke, by the consent of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland was proclaimed Queene of England, beeing married to Gilford Dudley, the fourth sonne of the foresayde Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes to bring the Crown unto their children, and to dispossesse the Princesse Mary, eldest daughter of king Henry the eight, heire to King Edward her Brother. Queene Mary rising in Armes to claime her rightfull crown, taketh the said Jane Gray, and the Lorde Gilford her husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safety, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this meanes becomes their prison: where being seuered in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.

Mine own deere Lord, sith thou art lock'd frō me,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnes past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My

ENGLANDS HEROICAL

My keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting, answeres my desire;
Which my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but striue in vaine,
Where-with amaz'd, away in halte he goes,
When through my lips, my hart thrusts forth my woes;
When as the doores that make a dolefull bound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noise are drownd;
Which somwhat hush'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
When like an aduerte wind in *Isis* course,
Against the tyde bending his boistrous force;
But when the flood hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
Thus striue my sighes, with teares ere they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes driue them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiuē when they forth are brought,
From strongest woe, we hardly language wrest,
The depth of griefe, with words is sounded least.
As teares do fall and rise, sighes come and go,
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
These briny teares do make my Inck looke pale,
My Inck clothes teares in this sad mourning vaille,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, greeu'd at my misery.
Yet miserable our selues, why should we deeme?
Sith none is so, but in his owne esteeme;
Who in distresse, from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yeeld to miseries;
That life is only miserable and vile,

From

From which faire patience doth it selfe exile,
They which begot vs did beget this sinne,
They first begun, what did our griefe begin;
We tasted not t'was they which did rebell,
Not our offence, but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crown would to my Lord haue linckd,
All hope, all life, all liberty extinct;
A subiect borne, a Princesse to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile aynbition how doost thou deceaue vs,
Whiche shew'st vs heauen, and yet in hell doost leaue vs?
Sildome vntouch'd doth innocence escape,
When error commeth in good counsailes shape,
A lawfull title counterchecks proud might,
The weakest things become strong props to right;
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our spotles innocence relieue vs.
Death but an aeted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and the conscience cleere,
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I beare part of what so ere is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our kingdome was our sweet embraces;
At Durham Pallace, where sweet *Himen* sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptiall musick rang?
When *Prothalamions* praysd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they deuisd to lincke by wedlocks band,
The house of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedom, to your Dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weake a ground.

For

ENSLANDS HEROICAL

For what availes a lawlesse usurpation?
Which giues a scepter, but not rules a nation,
Onely the surfeit of a vaine opinion;
What giues content, giues more then all dominion.
When first mine eares were perisched with the fame,
Of *Jane* proclaimed by a Princesse name,
A suddaine fright my trembling hart appalls,
The feare of conscience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had fore-seene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue escap'd these furious tempests wrath.
The Cedar-building Eagle beares the wind,
And not the faulcon, though both Hawkes by kind;
That kingly bird doth from the clouds command,
The fearefull foule that moues but neere the land.
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings descended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandfise *Brandon*, did our house aduance,
By princely *Mary*, dowager of Fraunce;
The fruit of that faire stocke which did combine,
And Yorks sweet branch with Lancasters entwine,
And in one stalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermillion Rose, with purer white;
I, the vntimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I;
Nor do I boast of this, but learne to die.
Whilst we were as our selues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest bloud, polluted is in bloud,

Neerest

Neerest contemn'd, if souerainty withstood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,
The day too darke to see affinitie;
And where the arme is stretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown downe;
For what great *Henry* most stroue to avoide,
The heauens haue built, what earth would haue destroy'd,
And seating *Edward* on his regall thone,
He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall lawes the bond may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree, by no meanes can be forc'd,
They rule the case, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence, knew well who should succeed,
In vaine be counsels, statutes, humaine lawes,
When cheefe of counsailes pleads the iustest cause;
Thus rule the heauens in their continual course,
That yeelds to fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to devoute,
But vertu's free from time, and fortunes power;
What vertue gets, once got, doth never waft,
And hauing this, this thou for euer hast:
Then my kind Lord, sweet *Gilford* be not greeu'd,
The soule is heauenly, and from heaven releu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of minds to either;
To thy faire brest take my resolued mind,
Arm'd against black dispaire, and all her kind,
And to my bosome breath that soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:

So

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So shall our faith as firmly be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life, no life, were thou not deare to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee;
Thou my deare husband, and my Lord before,
But truly learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely find, what ere by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes,
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kind,
Formes (like it selfe) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations bee
Of that diuinenes, which by faith wee see;
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillity;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as our bodies prisons, be these Towers,
So to our soules, these bodies be of ours:
Whose fleshly walls hinder that heauenly light,
As these stone walls depriue our wished sight,
Death is the key which vnlocks misery,
And lets them out to blessed liberty.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part;
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On fayth, repentance, and humility;
Humility to heauen, the step, the staire,
Is for deuotion, sacrifice, and praier;
The next place doth to true repentance fall,

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A salue, a comfort and a cordiall:

He that hath that, the keyes of heauen hath,
That is the guide, that is the port the path;
Faith is thy fort, thy shield, thy strongest ayd,
Neuer controld, neere yeelded, neere dismaid;
Which doth dilate, vnsold fore-tell, expresteth,
Which giues rewards, inuesteth and possessteth.

Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdome,
Before the blacke and dismall daies begin,
The dayes of all Idolatry, and sinne,
Not suffering vs to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage,
When tyranny, new tortures shall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.

Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe shall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King,
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receiue it:
And on her temples hauing plac'd the Crown,
Rooft out the dreggs Idolatry hath sown;
And *Syons* glory shall againe restore,
Laid ruine, waſt, and desolate before:
And from blacke fenders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſcattered bones,
And ſhall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aside, the heauy yoke of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our hoome, we are but ſtrangers heere,
Let vs make haſte to go vnto the bleſſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt,

And

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And with these lines my dearest Lord, I grēte thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Jane* againe shall meet thee.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle History.

They which beget us, did beget this sinne.

S Hewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose
Spride was the cause of the vicer overthrow of their children.

At Durham Pallace where first Hymen sang,

The buildings, &c.

The Lord Gilford Dudley, fourth Sonne to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Jane Gray*, Daughter to the Duke of Suffolk at Durham house in the Strand.

*When first mine eares were p̄sed with the fame,
Of Jane proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King Edward, the Lady *Jane* was taken as Queene, conuoyed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme as so ordained by King Edward's letters-patents, and his will.

*My Grandſire Brandon did our house aduance,
By princely Mary Dowager of Fraunce.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married *Frauncis* the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, by the French Queene, by which *Frauncis* hee had this Lady *Jane*: this Mary the French Queene was daughter to King Henry the Seauenth, by Elizabeth his Queene, which happy marriage conioyned the two Noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry most stroue to auid.

Noting the distrust that King Henry the eyghte euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his Daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confessing the right that King Henryes issue had to the Crowne.

And unſo faire Elizabeth ſhall leane is.

A Prophecy of Queene Maries barrennes, & of the happy and glorious raigne of Queene Elizabeth: her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish Scrutitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

The

The Lord Gilford Dudley, to the Lady Jane Gray.

THUS from the strongest treble-walled Tower,
Swan-like I sing before my dying houre;
O if there were such power but in my verse,
As in these woes, my wounded hart do pierce,
Stones taking sence, th' obdurate flint that heares,
Should at my plaints dissolve it selfe to teares.
Lend me a teare, ile pay thee with a teare,
And interest to, if thou the stocke forbear;—
Woe, for a woe, and for thy interest lone,
I will returne thee frankindly two for one;
Ile giue thee hours of woe, and yeates of sorrow,
And turne the day to night, the night to morrow.
And if thou think'lt time yet doth passe too soone,
When euening comes, wee'll make it but our noone;
And if a griefe prove weake, and not of force,
I will exchange a better for a worse;
And if thou thinke too quickly sorrow ends,
Another twice so long shall make amends.
Perhaps thou'l judge, in such extreames as these,
That words of comfort might far better please;
But such strange power, in thy perfection liueth,
As similes in teares, and teares in gladnes giueth.
Yet thinke not *Jane*, that cowardly I faint,
As begging mercy by this sad complaint;

O

Or

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Or yet suppose my courage daunted so,
That thou shouldest stand betwixt me, and my so,
That grim-aspected death should now controule,
And leeme so fearful to my parting soule,
For were one life, a thousand lifes to me,
Yet were all those too few to die with thee;
When thou thy woes so patiently doost beare,
As if in death, no cause of sorrow were,
And no more doost lifes dissolution shun,
Then if cold age his longest course had run.
Thou which didst once giue comfort to my woe,
Now art alone, become my comforts foe;
Not that I leaue wherein I did delight,
But that thou art debarr'd my wished sight;
For if I speake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straightwaies thy name doth come into my tongue;
And thou art present as thou still didst lie,
Or in my hart, or in my lips, or cyc.
No euill plannet raigned at thy birth,
Nor was that hower prodigious heere on earth;
No fatall marke offroward destiny,
Could be diuin'd in thy nativity;
Tis one i y I, that did thy fall devise,
And thou by me art made a sacrifice;
As in the East, whereas the louing wiues,
Doe with their husbands euer end their liues,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attyre,
Go with their husbands to that holy fire;
And she vnworthy thought to liue of all,
Whom feare of death, or danger doth appall.
I boast not of *Northumberlands* great name,

Nor

Nor of *Kets* conquest, which adorneſ the ſame;
When he to Norfolke led his troupes from far,
And yok'd the rebels in the chayne of war,
When our white heare, did furiously respire,
The flames that ſing'd their Villages with fire,
And brought ſweet peace in ſafety to our dores,
Yet lett our fame vpon the Easterne shores;
Nor of my princely Brothers which might grace,
And plant true honour in the *Dudleys* race;
Nor of *Grayes* match, my children borne by thee,
Alied to *Yorke* and *Lancaster* ſhould be;
But of thy vertues proudly boast I dare,
That ſhe is mine, whom all perfections are.
I crau'd no kingdome, though I thee did craue,
And having thee, I wiſh'd no more to haue.
Yet let me ſay, how ere this fortune fell,
Me thinks a crown ſhould haue becom'd thee well,
Me thinks thy wiſdome was ordain'd alone,
To blesſe a ſcepter, beautifie a throne;
Thy lips a ſacred oracle retaine,
Wherein all holy prophecieſ remaine;
More highly priz'd thy vertues were to me,
Then Crownes, then kingdoms or then Scepters be.
So chaste thy loue ſo innocent thy life,
A wifed virgine, and a maided wife;
The greatest gift ſ that heauen could giue me heere,
Nothing ſo ſweet, ſo good, ſo pure, ſo deare.
This was the ioy wherein we liu'd of late,
Ere worldly cares did vs excruciate,
Before these troubles did our peace confound,
Or war, or weapon, massacre, or wound;

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Ere dreadfull Armies did disturbe our shores,
Or walls were shaken, with the Cannons roares.
Suspect bewraies our thoughts, betraies our words,
One Crowne is guarded with a thousand swords;
To meane estate but common woes are showne,
But Crownes haue cares that euer be vnowne;
And we by them are to those dangers led,
Of which the least we are experienced.
When *Dudley* led his Armies to the East,
Of all the bosome of the land posselt,
What earthly comfort was it that he lack'd,
That with a Counsels warranty was back'd?
That had a kingdome, and the power of lawes,
Still to maintaine the iustnes of his cause;
And with the Clergies helpe, the Commons ayd,
In euery place the peopled Kingdom sway'd.
But what (alas) can Parliaments auiale,
When *Maries* might, must *Edwards* acts repeale?
When Suffolks power, doth *Suffolks* hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*.
And those which should our greatnes vnderprop,
Raze our foundation, overthrow our top.
Ere greatnes come, we wish it with our hart,
But being come, we wish it would depart,
And indiscreet y follow that so fast,
Which when it comes, brings perrill at the last.
If any man do pitty our offence,
Let him be sure to get him far from hence;
Heere is no place, no comfort heere at all,
For any one that shall bewaile our fall,
And we in vaine of mercy should but thinke,

Our

Our briny teares the sullen earth doth drinke.
 O that all teares for vs should be forlorne,
 And all abortiue when they should be borne;
 Mothers that should their childrens fortunes rue,
 Fathers in death too kindly bid adew;
 Friends of their friends, a kind farewell to take,
 The faithfull seruant mourning for our sake;
 Brothers and sisters waiting on our Beere,
 Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere;
 Those cares are stopt which should bewaile our fall,
 And we the mourners and the dead and all;
 And that which first our pallace was ordain'd,
 The prison, which our liberty restrain'd,
 And where our Court we held in princely state,
 There now alone, are left disconsolate.
 Thus then resolu'd, as thou, resolu'd am I,
 Die thou for me, and I for thee will die;
 And yet that heauen *Elizabeth* may blesse,
 Be thou (*sweet Jane*) a faithfull Prophetesse.
 With that healeh gladly resaluting thee,
 Which thy kind farewell, wish'd before to me.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle history.

Nor of Kets conquest which adornes the same.

John Duke of Northumberland, when before hee was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition against Kets, ouerthrew the Rebels of Norfolke and Suffolk, encamp'd at Mount Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my Princely brothers which might grace.

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his Brothers, which were all likely indece to haue rayled that house

EPISTLES.

house of the *Dudleys*, of which hee was a fourth Brother, if not
supprest by their fathers ouerthow.

Nor of Grayes march my children borne by thee.

Noting in this place the alliance of the *Lady Jane Gray*, by her
mother, which was *Frances* the Daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by
Mary the French Queen, daughter to *Henry the Iauenth*, and
sister to *Henry the eight*.

To blesse a Scepter, beautifie a throne.

Sildome hath it ever beene known of any woman endued with
such wondersfull giftes, as was this Lady, both for her wisdome
and learning, of whose skill in the tonges one reporteth by this
Epigram.

*Miraris tanam Graio sern one valere,
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit.*

When Dudley led his Armies to the East.

The Duke of Northumb^land prepared his power at London
for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolk, & making halte
away, appointed the rest of his forces to meeke him at Newmar-
ket Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through
Shorditch, the Lord Gray in his company seeing the people in
great numbers came to see him, he sayd, The people preffe to see
vs, but none bid God speed vs.

That with the Counsels warranty was back'd.

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when hee went out a-
gainst Queen *Mary*, had his Commission sealed for the general-
ship of the Army, by the contente of the whole Counsell of the
Land: insomuch that passing through the Counsell Chamber at
his departure, the Earle of Arondell wished that he might haue
gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his bloud in the
quarrell.

*When Suffolks power doth Suffolks hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leane Northumberland.*

The Suffolke men were the first, that ever reforted to Queene
Mary in her distres, repairing to her succours, whilst she remained
both at Keningall and at Fremingham Castell, stil increasing her
aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forsaken at
Cambridge.

F I N I S.

